

## Don't Let Me Go by 10plus1

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**Summary:** It's been a month since Eleven sacrificed herself, and Michael Wheeler is emotionally dying on the inside. His friends worry about him. If that wasn't bad enough, an old enemy is coming back, this time with a vengeance. Will Mike and the rest of the party be able to stop whats coming? Or will they need help?

# 1. Prologue

Hi everybody

I wanted to upload this story that has been on my mind for a while now.

I'm also a new writer so please let me know if there are areas I can work on

(But please be constructive with your criticism :)

Before getting started I also would like to say I do NOT in any way own or claim to own the characters or concepts of Stranger Things

Thank you for your time. Enjoy the story!

and if you do, please leave a review. I would like to continue this.

A/N: Changed the rating to T as I believe M is a little extreme for what I'll be writing.

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## PROLOGUE

How could he be so stupid? Why didn't he take in every moment like it was his last. Why didn't he savor those quiet and warm nights where he sheltered a hopeless and abused girl? The girl with the big chocolate eyes. The girl that saved his life, on more than one instance. The girl he cared about so deeply, that he felt as if his very existence was slowly and painfully fading every second he was away from her.

The thought always ran through his head that, even at the time, there was always a degree of danger. The fear and inevitability that by chance or by fate she could have been captured, or his Mom could have found out she was staying with him, or things that go bump in the night would somehow grab her. However, instead, it was his own weakness that caused her to die. These thoughts culminated and

fertilized inside his head, creating a more than slightly depressing feeling within himself, almost enough to make him throw up. It was a feeling he would always remember. In fact, at that moment, Michael Wheeler vowed to himself to never forget this feeling, in honor of Eleven. Even if it made him suffer.

"Mike!" yelled Lucas, his fingers were snapping and a concerned look was on his face. Michael knew that Lucas was the more observant one in the group. He had to keep his composure to portray his façade. It would make his friends feel better knowing their Dungeon Master was in a good state of mind. The truth was... he wasn't.

"Yeah, I'm here," Said Mike.

"Uh huh, sure," Lucas replied in a sarcastic tone.

"What?"

"Dude you were totally zoned out," Dustin chimed in.

"No I wasn't, I was thinking about- "

"Thinking about El?" Lucas said, cutting him off. He was reading him like a book. Even though it wasn't what Mike was going to say, the truth hurt worse than any of his friends could possibly know.

Mike came up with a quick, but smart response. "No... I was, I mean. Yes, I think of her sometimes, but I was thinking about the next campaign I'm going to make. I have some really good ideas," He finished with a fake smile. Somehow it was enough to throw his friends off his tail. He wasn't lying, but he wasn't exactly telling the truth either.

The boys were sitting in their usual spot. The Wheeler's basement, the warm glow of the lights and the dim atmosphere made for some of the best nights of DD. Of course, they couldn't go there *every* night to play, but it was the default choice whenever available. Michael preferred it that way. He was the Dungeon Master of the party after all. But there was a deeper reason for why he wanted to play their favorite game at his own house, despite tradition. Rather it was a magnetism of sorts that constantly tugged at him, almost like an

anchor. A spot in the basement Mike had set up for Eleven a month ago, for her to sleep, and hide in if anybody who didn't know about her came downstairs.

"I don't think there's any way you could top this one Mike, it's been so much fun," Will finally spoke up, eyes full of life, yet so dim and dull. After what Will had to go through it was a surprise he was able to get back to a sense of reality and normalcy so quickly.

The sound of rolling dice filled the air of the Wheeler's basement, as cheers and laughter followed. The campaign was a success and after another 10 hour session, it was finally time for the gang to pack up and head home. Everybody put their winter coats on and headed upstairs. Their parents would all be arriving soon to take them home. No bike riding in a winter storm, and in Indiana, you saw plenty of those in December.

"Hi boys!" Mike's mother Karen shouted from the kitchen, "How did the game go?"

Dustin began explaining the 10 hour long journey in what could be summed up in short as a victory. Mike heard footsteps heading down the stairs to greet them. It was no other than his sister Nancy, who had become much closer to him since the "disappearance." Nancy and Mike understood each other now, and with that came great sorrow. Nancy tries not to bother Mike, but she knows her little brother is suffering.

"Hey guys," she states as she comes to the end of the flight. She glances and sees Mike zoned into space for a moment, a look of sadness spread across her face.

"Hi Nancy," the boys reply.

"Hey Mike sounds like you guys won." His sister says, hoping it will lighten him up. It does, but only slightly.

Head lights enter the room through the windows in the front. Indicating a car arriving to pick someone up. The car belonged to Lucas' family. They all said their goodbyes as Lucas hopped outside to be taken home. A few minutes later the next set of lights came

through the window. It was Dustin's turn to head out.

"See you tomorrow guys," Dustin says as he exits the house.

"Looks like I'm last huh?" Will said, turning to Mike.

"Yeah, I guess so." Mike replies.

Will's face suddenly became very serious, almost as if his next words would shake the world around Mike.

"Listen," he began as he put a hand on Mike's shoulder, "when I was in the upside down. I found myself doing what you're doing. Blaming yourself and feeling depressed, and it overtook me. I became a husk with no hope." Will continued. "I know you'll get through this... and I'll be rooting for you, but don't get yourself down." He finished.

"I know, I just," Mike sighed. "Thanks Will."

"No problem buddy, see you tomorrow." Will said as he exited the Wheeler house. The last lights were shining into the living room.

Mike went outside in front of the garage and said hi to Jonathan. He asked if Nancy was doing okay and to tell her hi for him. Mike would be sure to do that. Nancy was always excited to hear from Jon, but he knew to distance himself because Nancy had chosen Steve. *What was she thinking?* Mike contemplated this for a moment as Will and Jon drove off. As the car faded from sight Mike turned to head in, but was frightened when his porch and garage lights started flickering. One... Two... Then a couple more after a pause. He was suspicious, cautious even, and he studied the lights for a moment more and then headed inside, unsure of what to think. He needed sleep, and it was late.

Mike crawled into bed to rest for the night, heartbroken. He was alone with his thoughts and nobody around to judge him for his feelings. He started crying. *It isn't fair!* He thought to himself. *I should have been the one to go. She didn't deserve to die! She was never treated right. Even I didn't always treat her okay.* This realization hurt him deeply.

So, Mike got up from his small lonely bed, and crept into the

basement as to not disturb anyone resting. He headed for a structure in the back... Like a magnet, Mike was drawn to the blanket fort. It was there he finally cried himself to sleep, holding tightly onto the blankets surrounding him. It was there that he would wake up the next day. But while Mike was falling asleep, a gust of wind was kicking up outside, and the lights would yet again flicker on and off in the front of the house while a strange and mysterious silhouette was lingering outside, watching the Wheeler house... waiting.

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**How will Mike cope with the loss of Eleven, is she still out there? Who is the mysterious figure looming over his home?**

**I hope you liked it. I have SO many ideas surrounding my head with this.**

**There are some cool ideas I'll be using that I'm not sure anyone has yet to explore.**

**Thanks again for reading and leave a review (So I can get better!)**

**Have a great day!**

**-10plus1**

## 2. Chapter 1

Here's Chapter 1 everybody! I hope you enjoy!

I wrote this pretty quickly while trying to stick to some guidelines so sorry if there are a few mistakes

Incoming sadness (you've been warned)

Thanks again to everybody who is reading or following.

Let me know what you think!

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Michael woke up the next day to sun rays entering his basement. The cold floor was hard and he had a rough night of sleeping. No nightmares though, that was a bonus, he could scarcely remember the last time he actually had a good dream.

He shuffled onto his feet and yawned, stretching his skinny arms outward. It might have been a rough night of sleep, but at least he had the small comfort of the blanket fort. His hair was tangled and messy from rolling on the floor. He heard a voice calling to him from upstairs.

"Michael? Michael!? It's time to get ready for school." She shouted, unaware he was in the basement. That was until she starting coming down the stairs. She jumped when she saw her son standing in the middle of the basement floor, the lighting barely enough to illuminate that it was him.

"Michael, you scared me," she began, "what are you doing down here?"

"I couldn't sleep, so I came down here last night," he replied, not knowing that this would begin a string of questions from Karen. Michael was tired and wasn't thinking straight.

"What do you mean you couldn't sleep last night? Don't you always sleep upstairs?" She eyed her son. Michael just stared back at her and didn't have an answer. "Do you come down here a lot? What's

wrong?... Why are you down here so much?... Are you okay?... Can I help you somehow?... Were but just a few of some of the questions his mom was throwing at him. He was defenseless, and he was breaking. Michael tried to hold back the tear he quietly let fall down his pale cheek. His thoughts filled with the scenes of Eleven shouting the Demogorgon out of existence.

"Honey what's wrong?" Karen finally finished feeling desperate to get an answer from her son.

Finally... after one month, after so many guilty thoughts and tragic attacks on his mental psyche... Michael broke. He didn't feel weak, he just felt defeated and finished.

"Mom... I, I think my heart is broken," Michael said, starting to sob, letting the tears fall. He didn't care about keeping Eleven a secret anymore. He needed to tell someone. He needed to cry, and to vent, and to release the emotions he was building up for a month.

Karen became overwhelmed with fear and protective instinct for her son. Her face curled as she frowned, a sad expression across her face.

"What happened honey?" She asked.

Michael could barely speak at this point; his broken sentences and words were all but impossible to pick up for his mother. "I lost someone, she's gone, and I don't think she's ever coming back. It's like she's here with me, but she's not," he began, "and there's a part of me that's ripped out, I don't know how to describe it." Michael finished before adding one more sentence to his cry for help. "I loved her mom, I really loved her."

Karen was a mother, she had been through life, she had been through school and lovers and family deaths, broken promises, and a few broken hearts here and there, but in all her years growing up, she had never seen herself the way her son was standing before her and drowning in sadness. The only thing she could do was close the distance between them both, her arms around him as he buried his head in her. She caressed his hair, trying to calm him down. She could never understand what her son was going through, but she could at least try.



A realization came to Karen as she was staring at the back of the basement, looking at the blanket fort. Starting to connect the small fragmented pieces of the last month she pulled together that the fort meant something more than just a nice 'sit down' spot for him and his friends.

"Did she ever come over here?" Karen asked, but after the events of last month, she knew that it had to be true. She did find that strand of blonde hair from the wig in his blanket fort after all. She never gave it a second thought until now.

Michael nodded his head, still upset, and crying. Even though the movement of his head was shaky, it was enough for Karen to gather that it was a yes.

"Was she over here often?"

Another nod.

"Was that fort you made meant for her?"

Michael nodded and the crying picked back up, it was hard for him to think about it.

"And that's why you sleep down here, isn't it?" She finished.

One last nod from Michael. Their cold bodies stood in the basement for a long time, just holding each other. Enough time passed for the sun beams to switch their positions. Tears went down Karen's face as she empathized with her son's emotions. She tried to connect to him and be there for him. It was everything a mother should do. She was an intelligent woman and could tell that whatever set Michael into this dark place must have happened the same night she found him at the school. The two almost mirrored their embrace from that night.

"I'm sorry." Karen said shakily with sadness.

Upstairs, leaning against the wall next to the basement entrance was Nancy. She overheard the emotional event and was also crying. Of course, she knew all along that Michael was heartbroken, but to see her little brother this upset tore her apart. Her thoughts wandered to Jonathan, and how she could have lost him too. The image of the

Demogorgon pinning Jonathan down to the floor, inches away from erasing Jon Byers from this world. *What am I doing?* She asked herself. After lingering over the sad thought she picked herself up and got ready to head out, school would be starting soon.

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Karen decided that Michael should stay home. She would make him his favorite food and they would talk. There were still a lot of questions she wanted answers for, and Mike was now ready to talk. Of course, he wouldn't tell her everything about El, her powers, her past. The last thing he needed was for his Mom to think he was crazy. Heartbroken Michael was, but not crazy.

Michael sat in the basement at the Dungeons and Dragons table. He was trying to get his mind off El as he scribbled some notes about the new campaign he was creating. His job was important, and he didn't want to let his best friends down.

Karen didn't want to overextend herself in having Michael open to her. She didn't expect him to tell her everything, but she was concerned about learning that her son was hanging out with a girl here at her own home, who she didn't even know existed. Her feet moved out of the kitchen down onto the first couple of steps to the basement.

"Michael, can I come down?" She asked.

"Yes," Mike replied.

Karen's footsteps drove her to the bottom of the basement. She placed Michael's food onto the table, hot macaroni's and cheese with hot dogs cut and thrown in. She sat down on the small chair next to him.

"Michael," She began, "what was her name. Can you tell me about her?"

"Her name was El."

"Oh, that's pretty, was it short for something?" Karen asked.

"Umm yeah... it was short for El-" Michael started but remembered that he was about to tell his mother about the girl with psychic

abilities that was raised in a lab and could shout things out of existence, whose nickname was short for eleven, which was exactly what she was. The eleventh test subject from Hawkins Lab. Saying her name wasn't going to make things easier to keep *her* secret safe.

"Short for what?"

"El, was short for Eleanor."

"That's a pretty name," Karen smiled.

"Yeah," Mike said, "she was really pretty."

"What happened to her?"

Michael contemplated how to respond to this question. He needed to open up to his mom about the events of last month, but he didn't want to spill the whole truth.

"She died. I don't know how, but I just know that she did." Michael said. He was doing what he did best when he lied. It wasn't the truth, but it wasn't false either.

"How did you find out?"

"Chief Hopper told me, he knew I was close with her." He said as he started eating his food, driving the fork into the tiny noodles.

"I see," she said, looking down at the floor. The death of a child was never a laughing matter and was always sad, but this was a worse feeling, because this child was connected to her son.

Karen began again, "why wasn't it on the news?"

Michael stopped and thought again about his answer, then remembered a detail he had used before.

"She was from Sweden, and her parents didn't want anybody to know about it, but the Chief wanted to tell me."

Michael and his mother talked for the better part of an hour. He was pouring his emotions out to her and trying to make sense of what

love feels like after you've lost it. It was a strange thing to him, opening to his mom about this. He never thought in a million years he would have to, maybe not as a twelve-year-old at least, but the situation left him with no choice. When they finally finished talking she grabbed his empty bowl and the glass of milk she brought down with it, heading upstairs.

"Michael," she started, turning back to her son, his glassy eyes staring at her, "If you ever need to talk about it again, I'm here." She finished.

"Okay," Michael said, wiping a tear from his eye.

Karen walked back up the steps to the house, she needed to get going to run some errands.

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At the middle school; Dustin, Lucas, and Will were all in math class. Their teacher was going over some math problems on the black board that was dusty with chalk. Lucas was in between them.

"Psst, where's Mike?" Dustin whispered to Lucas.

"I don't know, probably at home asleep, he looked sick yesterday." Lucas replied.

"Yeah, you're probably right." Dustin turned back towards the front of the class and started writing down some notes about the problems Mrs. Garland was hap hazardly completing.

Will the wise was also doing the same, but he wondered if Mike was truly okay. Sure, yeah, Lucas was the observant one with it came to the physical, but Will discernment of what was going on with someone emotionally was a gift. He knew his friend was hurting and concluded that something must have happened because of it.

Suddenly the classroom door opened, the principal had smile on his face. Mrs. Garland dropped her chalk and turned to the man.

"Mr. Coleman how good to see you. I see you have our new student with you." She said excitedly. Her voice was chipper and almost like a child.

"Why yes, he's good to go. Ready to learn," Principal Coleman said, looking down at the new student then back up at Mrs. Garland.

"Well we have a seat ready for you, its right in the second row over there, those two seats, you can choose either one." She said.

The new student walked out from behind the principal, revealing himself to the class. He was tall or at least taller than everyone else, but only a little bit. His hair was short and brown, shaped a little like Michael's father. Strangely he was also very skinny.

"That kid needs to eat something," Dustin whispered very quietly to Lucas. Lucas just nodded his head in reply.

The boy was wearing a loose dark green long sleeve shirt that looked like his parents didn't even glance at the size before buying. Blue jeans, and a brown backpack. He shambled over to one of the empty seats. As he was moving over Will looked up at him and smiled.

"Hi," he said.

"Hi," the boy replied, giving a quick glance and a small smile. He sat down at one of the two empty desks, which were right behind the boys, then he pulled out a white composition notebook from his bag. His face went cold and unemotional. Like he never knew what it meant to be nervous. Will watched him as he sat down and then turned back to the front of the class.

"Okay, now that you're here you have to introduce yourself to the class," Mrs. Garland directed towards the new student.

"Me?" He asked.

"Well yes silly, you are the only new student to walk in. Go ahead and introduce yourself."

"My name... well my name is Sean, Sean Caster." He said as he went to scratch his head.

Dustin turned back to glance at him, when he turned he caught the very end of the boy scratching his head. A smile was on Dustin's face, but then his eyes wandered over to something, something that he

never thought he'd ever see again, something that was very easy to read and understand. The sleeves of the loose shirt Sean was wearing revealed something on his arm.

Dustin was staring in confusion as he read the numbers 002. As quickly as he saw them they vanished under the cover of the sleeve returning to position. Immediately Dustin returned his focus to the front, wondering if he was going crazy. He slowly looked over at Lucas, who had noticed his hurried head turning back to the front. Lucas knew something was wrong, and after class he was about to find out exactly what it was.

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**Uh Oh! New player entering the arena!**

**Who is this mysterious Sean, and what is he all about?**

**ALSO! I want to let you guys know that happiness is not far from being around the corner, I won't exactly say how**

**You'll just have to find out when it is revealed later ;)**

**Thank you guys again for reading and if there is anything I can improve on message me or give a review.**

**More chapters to follow shortly.**

**Have a great day**

**-10plus1**

### 3. Chapter 2

Hey there everyone! Sorry this is up so late.

I was *super* busy at work and that's when I usually have down time to post this.

Plus I had to re write the whole chapter, b/c the first draft didn't "mesh" well IMO.

I was going to make it a little shorter, just to get it out for you guys to read, but I really want to take my time with this.

What do you guys think? Let me know. Longer chapters and less posting, or shorter chapters with more updates?

ALSO! Big shout out to *Free Bird, El, Candy95, and Guest!*

Your reviews are super appreciated, thank you so much, and thanks to those that are following as well.

If you don't see your review posted, it's okay, I got the email. Looks like they are updating slowly

Enjoy! :D

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Scuffling feet, the sound of backpacks being stuffed, cheer, laughter, anticipation. These things, all happening at the same time as the bell to set the anxious students free from their respective classrooms rang, to the halls where more sounds blend into one symphony of freedom. Lockers slamming and opening.

Dustin was making his way through the crowd, being one of the first to exit the doorway, as soon as he exited the room he was pulled to the side by a familiar hand.

"Dustin what's wrong, you act like you saw a ghost in there." Lucas said.

"Shut up." Dustin said quietly to Lucas leaning in closely so he could

hear above the noise. "Someone will hear you. It's not safe. I think we need to get out of here, quickly." Dustin felt something in his gut that was wrong, and he wasn't sure if he was going crazy, or if it was because of all the cookies he ate at lunch time from grabbing everyone's extras.

Lucas glanced at his watch and grimaced. "Okay, we'll meet outside in ten minutes. Same spot we always do." He was referring to the spot behind the school on the eastern wall.

"Meeting up for what?" Will chimed in, finally getting out of the classroom.

Dustin and Lucas both simultaneously shushed him as to not gather attention. Sean walked out just then.

"Hey it's Will right? Will Byers" Sean said.

Dustin's stomach plummeted.

"Yeah," Will turned to look at the new student. "Sean, right?" Of course, Will remembered his name, but he was just being socially polite.

"Thanks for saying hi, it's never easy going to a new school. I'm glad that some people are friendly." He said to them, almost as if he was referring to all of them.

"No problem," Will started, "See you tomorrow."

"Sounds good." Sean finished as he waved and headed down the hall.

Lucas looked at Dustin and his face was white. "You okay man?" He pushed Dustin's chest lightly to make sure he was okay.

"I uh, just think somethings going on, we need to talk privately." Dustin said. They agreed and within ten minutes they were heading outside to meet up on the east side of the building.

When they had assembled, Dustin was more than freaking out, and now that no one was around to see him lose his cool he was free to respectively blow his mind and his friends with the revelation he



witnessed in class. The whole thing was odd though, this new kid on the block – so to speak, was acting... what was the word? Dustin tried to think of it. Normal? Yeah, that was the word he was grabbing at. Normal.

"Okay man, what's the big deal?" Lucas said, a little annoyed that it took this long for Dustin to disclose the information.

Dustin took a deep breath, closed his eyes, and sighed, preparing himself to tell his friends what could be the craziest thing to happen to the school.

"When I was in class. I saw something," Dustin stated, his focus on the memory of looking at those three numbers etched onto the arm of the new kid.

"What? Saw what?" Will said, getting a little worried, he didn't want it to be something horrible and monstrous like the Demogorgon from last year. Will repressed the idea of the upside down almost instantaneously when he started to think about it.

"Okay, you'll never believe this, but I saw-" Dustin was quickly cut off

"Well look what we have here!" Yelled a boy walking towards them. It was Troy, with his friends, three of them to be precise, including James.

"Oh shit man! We're outnumbered." Dustin clamored frantically.

"Quiet! Let me do the talking," Will said.

With bravery and courage Will walked forward ahead of his two friends.

"What do you want Troy?" Will demanded.

Troy looked at his right arm, still healing from that fateful day. He could heal the injury, but never the way it made him feel. He wanted revenge, and he wanted it badly.

"I want to finally wipe the smirks off your faces."

"Why? What'd we ever do to you?" Will asked, forgetting about the events that happened last month. I mean, you couldn't blame Will, he wasn't even there to know what happened, but he had heard stories.

"Well, let's see," Troy began, shouting, "First you made me piss my pants in front of the whole school!"

Lucas looked over at Dustin and tilted his head, shrugging his shoulders in approval, that yes indeed that did happen.

"Then you broke my arm," Troy continued.

Dustin spoke up. "Yeah, because you pulled a knife out on us. Coward!"

"Shut up toothless!" Troy got angrier with each remembrance of those incidents. He was the laughing stock of the school now.

Troy stepped forward in front of his friends to meet Will face to face. He looked around before looking back at Will. "Looks like your little weirdo girlfriend isn't here to do anything funny though," Troy said in a menacing tone.

"Kind of funny how you had to bring four of you just for the three of us," Lucas spoke, "not really a fair fight if you ask me."

Troy just shook off the thought of the unfair fight and waned back behind his lackeys. "Alright guys get em!" He shouted.

Will braced for impact. Lifting his frail arms and flinching to protect from whatever punch he was about to receive, and from whoever, ready to fall and just be done and over with it. Then he heard a large "whoa!" as all three bullies tripped and fell face first on the pavement, and when he pulled his arms down, he saw all three of Troy's lackeys there. Will thought to himself, *what's happening, are they?... pinned? But how?* They were struggling, but it was no use, they couldn't break the bond of whatever had them in their restraint and held to the ground.

Troy's face became boiling red. "Idiots!" He yelled at them before stepping over James, rapidly closing the distance between him and Will. A punch was thrown and suddenly Troy's arm whipped around

Will's face, completely missing it. The force was enough to send Troy tumbling down onto the pavement himself.

Dustin and Lucas started laughing seeing the whole thing unfold. That was until Dustin looked up and saw a figure slowly walking their way, head tilted down and forward slightly, focused on the four bullies.

"Sean?...Is that you?" Will asked.

Sean wasn't listening though. He walked over to Troy and picked him up by the shirt, but not with his hand, with his mind. "You will leave them alone. For good, do you hear me?" He said.

Troy just looked at him, confused.

"DO YOU HEAR ME!?" Sean yelled.

"Yes! Fine!" Troy squirmed, on the verge of crying in front of them all. "I'll leave them alone, just let me go okay?"

"Okay, I can do that!" Sean said before letting him drop back onto the ground, landing on the injury he was trying to heal, yelling loudly.

The bullies picked themselves up and ran off to lick their wounds.

Lucas, Will, and Dustin stared in amazement at what just occurred.

"What the HELL is happening?!" Lucas demanded. Then his face changed expressions, as if he realized something suddenly. "This is what you were going to tell us wasn't it?" Lucas said.

"Yeah, I saw a tattoo on his arm. With the numbers 002! He must be like El!" Dustin said, not taking his eyes off Sean, at that point for all they knew he could either be friend or foe. Their guard was unwavering.

"What do you want?" Will asked.

"What do you mean? I just saved you guys, didn't I? I don't want anything." Sean looked confused.

"Yeah but no one just walks up and starts using abilities on people to save a bunch of strangers." Lucas pointed out. "Not to mention few people even HAVE abilities." He finished.

Sean looked around him, and then down in the spot where he threw the bullies down. Then he looked at Will who was closest to him.

"You seemed like good people, and I spotted those boys following you around the corner, so I followed them."

"This is too weird," Lucas concluded, "Please tell me we are dreaming?" Lucas pleaded.

Will was the first to break the awkwardness of the situation. He held a hand out, hoping he could trust this person, this Sean.

Sean looked down at the hand and gave a small grin, then he did the same, shaking Will's hand.

"Well in any case, thanks for your help, I'm pretty sure I'd be a pile of mush if you hadn't come around." Will said.

"No problem, I couldn't let them hurt my first friend at Hawkins, now could I?" Sean replied, with a small smile.

It was reasonable, for them to trust Sean, after all he did just wipe out Troy and leave him running with his tail between his legs. Probably enough that he more than likely would leave them alone. The boys sat there, still trying to wrap their head around the idea that someone like Eleven could be walking around, and what if there were others also.

"So... Did you break out too?" Lucas asked, "from the lab that is," he clarified, starting to relax from the commotion.

"Yes," Sean nodded.

"Are you the only one left?" Dustin questioned.

Sean stood there for a second, contemplating what Dustin just asked. Was he the only one left? His eyes looked as if he was remembering something.

"I... I feel, someone." He began, the words slow, like he was pulling them out one at a time.

All three boys went white, and looked at each other, then back at Sean.

"Tell us about this, *someone*." Will requested.

"I, I don't know, it's hard to see, to listen." He answered, unaware if this would answer their question.

"Sean, this is really important, I know we just met, but there is someone that might be out there just like you, and we know her. And you HAVE to tell us everything you know if you can." Dustin demanded, realizing the gravity and the destiny of meeting Sean.

"What do you mean?" He said, confused.

"Lucas just tell him!" Dustin said, handing control over to Lucas, he was the better straight shooter.

"Is there or isn't there someone here that is like you?!" Lucas yelled. He didn't want to upset Sean, but this was the only way to push him to an answer.

Sean's head looked strained, the vesicles under his skin coming to the surface, almost like when El would overextend her powers. Sean was concentrating.

"Yes," Sean began, "There is someone, but, not here."

"The boys looked at each other again. They didn't even have to speak to know who he was referring to."

Will spoke up. "The upside down?"

"It has to be." Dustin added.

Sean squinted his eyes, wondering what they just said. "The... upside, down?"

"Yes, it's like here, but it's darker, colder, emptier." Will said, each

word quieter and quieter in remembrance of that awful week.

"Oh," Sean began, "I've been there."

"You have?!" All three boys said together.

Sean nodded his head, face blank as if he was about to speak.

"This person you speak of," He paused.

The boys leaned in, waiting for him to begin again. "What about her?" Dustin asked.

Sean looked down at the ground in frustration, then back up at the boys.

"She isn't there either."

---

**Well that was interesting. Looks like we have a new friend.**

**and if El isn't there in reality... nor in the upside down, where CAN she be?**

**Guess we'll learn more next time ;)**

**BTW I'm having super fun writing this story everyone, leave a review to let me know how I'm doing.**

**Thanks for reading everyone and have a great day!**

**10plus1**

## 4. Chapter 3

Here's chapter 3 everyone.

Hope your day is going well!

This was actually going to be a part of a much larger chapter, but I'm going to be busy for the next couple of days

I wanted to leave everyone with something before burying myself in school work X(

Rest assured I will still be posting regularly, hopefully much larger chapters. The next one is halfway finished as it is.

Let me know if you find any major mistakes or need some clarification, this chapter was written rather quickly.

Enjoy!

---

48 HOURS AGO

Two men were walking down a hallway. The building was cold and dark. Dimly lit lights that had an atmosphere of insanity. This was not a friendly place. The men were wearing suits, walking in tandem down the corridor to a set of double doors. A guard was waiting patiently until either his relief came, or something exciting happened. His fingers reached for a badge hanging from his side, and he swiped the card gently along the ridge of the badge reader next to him. No words were spoken, or gestures made towards one another as the two men carried on throughout the building.

The next corridor was better lit, but not by much. Honestly it looked more like a hospital than anything. Once the two men reached the end of this hallway, they were greeted by two security guards wearing the same uniform as the one before. They beckoned for the two men to follow. A smaller branching corridor to the left. Their destination in sight, a large metal door with the numbers 233 on it. One of the guards opened the door and the two men in suits walked

forward.

The room was small, and there was a lot of medical equipment surrounding the outer edge. A bed in the center was the focus for the room, and as the two men walked forward the nurse tending to the hurt and beaten man on the bed walked away, knowing that it wasn't her place to interfere in business matters. There had several reading lines connected to him, and several more advanced pick lines attached to make ease of medicine administration.

"Sir, the committee wants to take action. Unless you start testing again soon, there will be consequences." One suited man sternly said.

The broken man lying in the bed tried to move. He had bandages over his arms and legs, and some across his face. A large lamp in the middle of the room illuminated his bed, revealing one of his key features, white hair.

"Tell Jamison-" The man began before coughing violently. "My apologies, it will be a while before I can fully heal." The suited men nodded their heads in understanding as the man began once more. "Tell Jamison, to begin phase one of the seeker initiative." He barely uttered, his words hoarse and dry.

The men looked at each other with concern. Then back down at the man. "Are we sure that initiative is ready to proceed?" One man questioned.

"It doesn't matter," began the patient lying on the bed, "We'll be shut down anyways if we don't do something, and we don't have time to find another subject. 011 must be found if we're to move forward." He coughed once more before situating himself into a more stable and comfortable position.

"Sir there has to be another-" The man was cut off abruptly by the man on the table.

"I said activate the initiative NOW!" He yelled. Suddenly monitors on the machines around him started to flare up and warning beeps starting going off.



"I'm sorry but I need you two to leave," began the nurse, she was getting some medicine ready at the small metal table next to the bed, "his heart rate is running high and he needs to relax." She finished.

The two men, seemingly paired together glanced at each other with sour looks on their faces, looks of fear, then they stepped away and started heading for the door.

"As you wish Dr. Brenner." They said, walking out of the door, the nurse hurrying to complete her tasks.

As the men walked out of the room, several other nurses rushed in to help. The two men knew that the next few days would not be easy, and that this new, extreme, measure the Dr. was taking would surely end in disaster. This, however, was not their job, and they were in no place to question the man. Through the dark corridors of Hawkins Power and Light they walked until they reached a room with the name Jamison on the door. It was time to get to work.

## PRESENT

"Michael! Michael?! Do you copy!?" a static voice came through the Super-Com lying on the table in front of Michael. It was Dustin, and he gazed upwards from the comfort of the blanket fort and eyed the device. He had a comic book in his hand, and a sketch book laying down next to him, a dull pencil was sitting next to the sketch book, recently used. Michael was never one to draw, that was more of Will's thing, but he tried to draw Eleven's face as best he could, he needed to have something of her. He never even thought to take a picture of them when she was here. He didn't want to forget.

Michael dropped the comic book and walked over to the table. He was worried his friends would make fun of him for staying home, which wasn't like Mike, and that they would know it was due to Eleven. Mike thought of not answering at all, but he went against his better judgement and picked up the Super-Com anyways. "I copy, this is Mike. Over." He replied.

"Michael, are you okay? Over." Dustin asked in return, he wanted to make sure Michael was okay, he had big news of course.

"Yeah, I'm, I'm okay... just not feeling too good that's all. Over." Which, once again, wasn't a lie.

"Can we come over? We have something seriously cool to show you, and I think you're going to like it. Over."

"It better not be another one of those frogs, you know how my mom acted last time she found out you brought one of those in the house. Over." Michael positioned the walkie as he walked back over to the fort.

On the other end, Dustin was pedaling on his bike, heading towards the Wheeler house. Luckily the winter storm didn't last long the night before, and they could pedal their way to school. Behind him were all his friends. Sean was with them too, he had his own bike. It was like he was born to be their friend. Dustin didn't care what Michael thought about them coming over, he was going to no matter what he said. They were always going to be there for each other, and they needed to fix Mike. If he knew Eleven was out there still, maybe he could come back to his normal self.

"No," Dustin laughed over the walkie, "nothing like that, you're going to freak out though, It's mental. Over."

"Okay... I'll be ready soon, come through the basement door. Over." Michael sighed.

"All right! We'll be there shortly. Over and out!" Dustin finished, smiling.

Michael could never know how much his friends truly cared about him. He was their voice of reason and understanding, their leader, their Dungeon Master. They would do anything for him, just like they knew Mike would do anything for them. Dustin especially knew this, because he never had a friend walk over a cliff just to save him from losing his baby teeth to a knife. When Dustin looked back, he could see his other friends smiling.

A feeling in the pit of Mike's stomach started to rise. *I wonder what's so important? Could it be about?... No, there's no way, she's gone Mike, you've got to get over it.* Mike commanded himself, tucking away the

feelings of hope before walking upstairs to get ready.

Karen was home now, finished with her errands and getting ready to cook dinner.

"Hey honey, how are you?" She asked while washing the dishes in the sink.

"I'm okay, I think everyone's coming over, we might head out for a bit, is that all right?" He asked, unsure of why he asked, his mom usually let them bike around wherever.

Karen flashed a big smile. "Of course Mike! You should get out and have some fun, you've been crammed up in the house for the last couple of days, go, have a good time!" She encouraged, as Mike came over and hugged her.

Michael hurried to his room and threw on some quick clothes, then a jacket, lastly his green winter coat. He grabbed his backpack, just in case they needed something to carry whatever it was they found on their next adventure. Knowing them they would find a neat rock, or something unexplainable that needed hauling back home. He wasn't even sure if they'd even be leaving his house, but he wanted to be prepared. Mike's feet carried him as he went back downstairs into the basement. His heart dropped when he noticed the sketch book, and quickly he removed it from sight as to not be made fun of by his friends.

*Knock! Knock! Knock!* Heard Michael. He took a deep breath and walked over to the door, turning the knob slowly to reveal a face with a pleasant smile. It was Will.

"Hey Will, hey guys." Michael greeted as he looked over Will to see his friends. Behind them was someone he didn't recognize though. *Is this why they wanted to come over?* He thought to himself.

"Well don't be a stranger let us in!" Lucas said, as Michael swung the door open more, allowing them entry.

Their little bodies moved into the room and Sean gave a quick smile to Mike before introducing himself.

"Hi, my names Sean," He started, his hand reaching out for a hand shake, "I'm new to school so your friends wanted to me to hang out." He finished.

"Oh, okay," Mike started to speak, shocked that his friends would invite someone over to his house only less than a day after meeting him, "I'm Mike." He introduced, shaking Sean's hand for a moment.

Sean looked down at the game board for Dungeons and Dragons a curious look on his face.

"Do you play?" Mike asked.

"No." Sean replied with a hint of embarrassment, he wondered if it was common to *play* whatever it was Mike was referring to.

"That's okay, we can teach you. I come up with an adventure, and we sort of, you know, act and play it out on the board. It's really fun." Michael finished.

Sean's eyes lit up. "Really!? That sounds so cool... I've never had any friends before." He said, then he looked down, his face a little depressed.

Mike was confused. He wasn't exactly sure who Sean was, or why his friends brought him over, but he trusted their judgment. If he was a friend of theirs, he was a friend of Mikes. Then he turned to Lucas, who was standing next to everyone else.

"What's up guys? You sounded pretty excited over the Super-Com, was it just about meeting Sean?" Michael questioned.

"Well, yes, and no," Dustin started, he looked over at his friends who were grinning back at him, then they looked back at Mike.

"What then?" Mike asked curiously, his face and stomach starting to churn. Worried that they would make fun of him somehow for being so moeey. His fingers started to nervously move at his side.

Suddenly the light in the basement started flickering out of control, but only for a moment, Mike flinched and looked over at it, when he turned, he saw Sean. He was curious about the light too, but in the

air, floating a few feet above the table, was their game board. Michael's eyes opened so wide, you'd think they'd pop out.

"But, what? What are?" Michael tried to utter some sort of sentence, but couldn't mouth anything, his knees started to weaken, and he fell backwards, scooting over to his friends. He was terrified, but also strangely confused.

"I knew he'd do that." Lucas laughed, pointing at Mike.

"*That's* why we came over." Dustin added, a huge grin on his face.

"But how? What is he? Is he like?" Michael tried to complete the sentence, but couldn't

"Yes Mike, he's EXACTLY, like Eleven." Dustin finished for him.

Sean eyed the lights as he continued levitating the helpless game board. Then he dropped it, moving towards the bulb. He raised a hand to it, almost touching it. Pondering why it had suddenly started going off.

"Do your lights always do this?" Sean asked, turning towards the young boy who lived at the house.

"No." Mike said. Still trying to understand and hold himself down to Earth. He felt like his whole world was shaking. Then he reached out to Will, who pulled him back on his feet.

"Weren't you causing them to do that?" Lucas pointed out, pointing at Sean.

Then Sean dropped his hand and turned to look at his new friends.

"It wasn't me, and there's someone here. Someone... like me. I can feel it." He said, closing his eyes, as if concentrating on the presence around them.

The lights started flickering again, wildly, before stopping. Sean opened his eyes again.

"What does he mean?" Michael asked his friends desperately. His

vision started to get blurry and water began to form in his eyes.

His friends eyed him seriously, blank and expressionless.

"I think Eleven is still alive Mike," Lucas started, "I think she's really alive."

Michael started to breathe heavy, his chest moving forward and backward. He felt his heart hurting. Thoughts started to race within his head. *How? Is she okay? She's been out there so long. Where is she!? So many emotions started rising, anger, happiness, frustration, fear, mostly fear. He was mostly afraid that El was hurt.*

"I know how to find her now." Sean suddenly said, breaking up Mike's stupor.

"Where is she?! Where's Eleven!?" Michael demanded, tears coming down his face now.

"I can sense Eleven here, and it seems her presence is attached to you." Sean motioned a hand towards Michael to embellish his statement. "Somehow, she can sense you, and doesn't leave. The feeling is strong here in this room."

"Is she here? Can we find her?" Michael replied, still shaky.

"She isn't here, or in the, what did you call it? Upside down?" Sean said. "However, I have an idea. I think I can bring her back." He suggested.

"But why hasn't she reached out, or tried to communicate?" Lucas wondered,

"Maybe it's because she can't dummy," Dustin began, "It's not like she's on our plane of reality or anything."

Sean interrupted them. "Actually, she has and is trying, right here in this room. Through-

"Through the lights." Michael said, interjecting, realizing.

"Yes, a small way of crying out that she's here." Sean added.

"Well come on then let's go! What do we have to do?!" Dustin asked.

*Oh El, I'm so sorry, I'm sorry I didn't know you were here. I just want you to come home!* Michael thought, burying himself in grief and sadness, yet so much hope. *We're coming El, just hold on!*

Sean looked at them and starting thinking, he closed his eyes for a moment then opened them up once more.

"We need a BIG pool of water. That's all I think I need." Sean said.

The boys thought for a moment, then Will snapped his fingers.

"The quarry!?" They all said in realization.

"Come on there's no time to waste. She's been gone too long!" Dustin said as he beckoned them to follow. Elated with joy they starting to head outside. Michael shallowly followed them, still lost in a daze. He couldn't gather his thoughts, and he couldn't think straight. He had to leave this up to them. Scared, but hopeful.

Will put a hand on Mike's shoulder before leaving. He tried to bring his friend out of his thoughts. "I never met her, but I can't wait to. Let's go get her Mike, let's bring her home."

Then they all walked outside into the cold to grab their bikes, but as they went to leave, the light started flickering again. Michael was the last to leave the room, and thought he saw something, when he turned around it stopped. With a grim expression, he thought once more. *I'm coming El*, before heading down the road.

---

**Uh Oh! Brenner is on the loose again**

**Also, what's this "Seeker Initiative he mentioned?"**

**Will Sean be enough to bring Eleven back?**

**Hopefully everyone enjoyed this chapter, I wish I could have combined it with the other stuff I have**

**I just know I'll be pretty busy soon and won't have too much**

**time.**

**Leave a review of what you think! And have a fantastic day!**

**10plus1**



## 5. Chapter 4

**Everyone... I have a confession...**

**I'm in love with this series (I'm guessing you already knew that)**

**This is the chapter I think a lot of people have been waiting for ;)** Many answers await.

**Please let me know what you think!**

**Review! Or PM me if you need any clarification or have advice.**

**Also! Thanks again to everyone who reviewed, followed, or Favorited. You guys help me to keep going.**

**Enjoy!**

---

If you've ever lived in Indiana, you know exactly what it feels like to walk down a concrete sidewalk during the afternoon while a cold dusty breeze rolls over a small town in the middle of a less than snowy December or January. The Midwest is always surprising on what direction it decides it wants to take when winter comes. This winter in Hawkins was luckily very mild.

Michael's feet were pressing down on his pedals as he and his friends were riding to the lake. With each rotation of the pedal a new fear incubated within the core of his mind. If Eleven was out there, and she was communicating with Michael, what was she saying? Was she just talking? Was she hurt? Was she trapped and helpless?... Was she dying?!

Mike's mind tore from equilibrium into fragmented and small pieces that were scattered along the road they traveled to get to the quarry. His constant gaze directed downwards.

"Mike!" Said a voice next to him. An impulse of shock filtered throughout Michael's body as he flinched, almost falling off his bike. It was Sean, who was anxiously smiling at him.

"When I was in that room with your, what did you call it?" Said Sean, trying to grab the correct word from memory.

"My, gameboard?" Michael finished the sentence.

"Yes! The gameboard for the Dungeons and Dragons, right?"

"Yeah, that's right." Michael confirmed.

"Well, when I was in there, and the light started to turn on and off, I could see something in you. Something that was connected to her."

Michael was curious. He always thought he and El had a special bond, a connection. Like she could always read his mind, and understand him, even better than his best friends could sometimes. So he was naturally interested in what Sean was referring to.

"What did you see?" Michael asked.

"He saw *love*!" Lucas interrupted, jokingly teasing Mike. Which Michael then shot an appropriate facial expression as he went to focus on Sean once again.

Sean eyes moved up as he was trying to think of exactly how to word his next sentence.

"It's hard to explain, you see. Each test subject at the lab was different."

"You knew about one another while you were there?" Michael asked.

"Yes, we knew very little about one another, but from time to time we would be shown videos of another subject's performance, and it was either to be shown the condition to surpass expectations, or what NOT to do given a situation presented." Sean explained. His intelligence far surpassed Mike and his friends.

Michael stuttered when asking the next question. "What, what kind of expectation?"

Sean looked at Mike with a cold expression, as if he had first hand experienced something horrible. "Such as killing an animal, maybe something small like a cat."

"Oh." Michael said, looking down while pedaling. "I don't think I

could ever like anybody that kills an animal." Michael whispered to himself.

"It's okay," Sean began, "I never killed an animal." Michael smiled when he heard Sean say this, and it was starting to give him hope that maybe they could really find Eleven, and they could enjoy life together. Of course, there would need to be adjustments made now that his mom knew she existed. No more overnight stays at the wheeler house for Eleven. *Aww man, shouldn't have told mom*, Michael laughed at himself. He figured she'd probably still find out one way or another.

"Anyways, I think we all have the same *basic* abilities, telekinesis and heightened senses, but some things are different."

"Like what?" Michael asked.

"Well... They told me at the lab that I was *perceptive*. That I was good at seeing things that weren't always easy to see," Sean explained, "I guess what I saw was a bond, almost like a string of energy, exclusive to you and Eleven. And I've never seen anything like it before."

"Wow," Michael whispered to himself. "I must mean everything to her." A tear started running down his face, but he wiped it away before Sean, or anyone for that matter, could see. *How could I have failed you before? All this time I thought you were my hero, but you must see me the same way. Some hero I was.*

Then, at that moment, very briefly, the headlight on Michael's bicycle started flashing, but not bright enough to get everyone's attention, just Michaels. He smiled to himself, and realized Eleven could hear him. Mike wiped another tear and laughed. *I guess you forgive me, don't you?* He thought, continuing to pedal onward.

Their bikes started carrying them further away from town, and the tires began climbing uphill alongside the grassy hills leading to the quarry. Without warning Will's bike flipped over on its side after hitting a rough spot, he was in front of Mike, and landed hard on the ground, they all stopped and rushed over to Will

who was mostly unharmed by the simple fall.

"Will are you okay!?" Sean asked, moving closer to Will to help him up.

Will coughed, and then grabbed Sean's hand to elevate himself up to his feet, he dusted himself off, brushing away the small clumps of dirt and mud that he fell on with the crash, leaving his jeans less than clean. "I think so, I've outsmarted a Demogorgon before, I think I can manage this." He joked. "But I think my bike is out for the count. Sorry guys." Will looked at his bike, the gears were all torn up, and the chain was tangled. There would be no fixing this quickly.

His friends laughed hysterically at Will's humor. It seemed that nothing could break the unbreakable William Byers.

"What's a Dem, Demo, Gorg? Demogorgon?" Sean questioned, extremely confused by the meaning of the word.

"It's a monster. It grabbed Will and brought him to the upside down a month ago, but Eleven helped us find him and bring him home." Dustin explained. "She killed the Demogorgon, but after it disintegrated she was taken with it. That's the last we ever saw her."

"You can get to the upside down too?!" Sean asked.

"Well, kind of, you had to go through a gate," Lucas added, "The gate took a huge amount of energy to create, and when Eleven first met the Demogorgon, it scared her enough for the gate to open up." Lucas finished.

"Powerful," Sean muttered under his breath.

"Yeah, she is powerful," Dustin said, "come on let's keep going! Will you can ride with Mike the rest of the way, we'll have to have your brother come back to get your bike."

Will agreed and they sped off to make up for lost time, leaving Will's trusty bike on the side of the road, Jonathan would be sure to come grab it later, he was always good at fixing things up. Soon they arrived at quarry entrance, the open rocky beach led straight to the water. It was time to see if they could really bring Eleven back.

They all drifted their bikes to a stop, letting them fall gently on the

rocks, and made their way to the edge of the water. This was the same spot they had found Will's "fake body" a month ago, and it was one of the sadder moments for the boys. They decided to leave that detail out when they caught Will up. The water was still, placid even, and the air was quiet but cold. This was truly a mysterious and interesting place. The company working the quarry hadn't come back to tend to it yet, so nobody was around but them.

"What do we do?" Michael asked, turning to Sean who was staring at the water and thinking.

"Do you know what makes water so special?" He asked everyone. The four boys glanced at each other slowly, wondering if Sean was really asking them that. Water was special in many ways of course.

"Well, it's liquid for one," Dustin said.

"And it's the universal Solvent!" Lucas added.

"We're made up of mostly water." Will threw in.

Michael thought very hard in that moment, trying to find some clue as to what Sean was looking for. He thought back to Mr. Clarke's class. Bonds, atomic bonds, hydrogen bonds. *That's it!*

"Water can bond with a lot of different things." Michael finally said.

A very large smile formed across the pale face of Sean. "You're absolutely right Mike, and because water bonds so well with other things, this spot will be perfect for bridging the gap between where Eleven is, and where we currently are. Kind of like a mirror"

"Okay, so how exactly do we DO that though?" Dustin said. "I mean, this is very advanced science you're talking about. Don't we need something more than just your powers to do that?"

"No," Sean explained, "There are only three things we need here. The water, myself, and the key to this whole thing, because without it we wouldn't even know where to begin." Sean finished.

"What is it," Michael asked, "what's the last piece."

Sean grinned and raised his finger at Mike. "You."

Mike took a step backwards, confused, then pointed at himself with an expression of uncertainty. "Me." He laughed.

"Yes," said Sean, "Your bond with Eleven is so powerful that it moves between the plane of reality, and wherever she is now. And I have a theory that we can use you as the focusing point for bringing her back. We need the water to act as a *mirror* if you will. It also seems that wherever you are, her presence is also there, and she needs to be in the *same* location, so to speak in whatever realm she is in" Sean said, using a quotation gesture to describe what he was talking about. "If I generate enough energy, then between the water, yourself, and Eleven she will bond with you and come back to this world... Of course, this is only a theory. I haven't actually done this before." Sean finished hesitantly.

"How convenient." Dustin said, annoyed.

"What about Mike?" Asked Will. "Can he get hurt when you do this?"

"Yes, and there is a chance he may not even live through it. My powers might be too much for him to handle." He said with a grim look, turning to Mike. "I'm not saying you have to go through with this, that's all up to you, it is the only way though. I'm just here to help."

Michael breathed in deeply, wondering what he should do. His friends starting speaking up for him.

"No way! NO WAY!" Lucas yelled, "do you know what would happen to us if they found out Michael DIED, and that we were all here when it happened?! We'd be locked up for the rest of our lives!" Lucas interjected, trying to convince everyone.

"Yeah man I don't know, this sounds really sketchy." Dustin added. "You can't do it Mike."

The swirling tornado of thoughts started attacking Mike's mind, but one common reason kept coming to the surface. *What would El do? Would she do it for you Mike?...*

"Mike maybe you need to take some time before-" Dustin tried to say before abruptly being interrupted by the Wheeler boy.

"I'm doing it... I have to. El would do the same for me." He looked at each and every one of his friends, a fire in his eyes. Nobody noticed, but as Mike started speaking all the head lights attached to the bikes behind them began blinking. "She'd do the same for all of you! And if there's even the slightest chance she can come back and live a happy life, and get what she's always deserved then it's worth it... Even if I don't make it." Mike said, slowing down his tone. He swallowed his fear into the pit of his stomach and took a step forward. "Let's get started."

"Oh man!" Lucas said, putting his hands on his head, pacing around wildly. "This is crazy! Are you sure you know what you're doing Sean?"

"I know what I need to do," Sean replied, "but it's up to Michael, if his will is strong enough, he'll survive." Michael walked up to Sean awaiting instructions. "Michael, I need to have you get into the lake."

"He'll freeze!" Will yelled, he knew all too well what the cold could do to your body.

"I know!" Sean remarked. "He has to become weak for this to work, and if we don't do this now you might never get to see your friend again! This is it!" Sean commanded.

The rest of the group backed up at the intensity rising in both Michael and Sean. This was their game now, their plan, and hopefully with a little luck and will power... their success as well.

Michael took his winter and light jacket off, leaving only his shirt and jeans. If he survived he would need something warm to bring his temperature back up. *I promise I'll get you El, I'll make sure to still be here, so I can see your smiling face,* Michael promised to himself. He took one more look at his friends behind him. "Here goes nothing!" He yelled as he released the built courage to run into the water. "Woah! Ooooooh!" He shivered in the freezing cold water, he could already feel the warmth escaping his body. Within seconds he could feel his body starting to weaken.

"Now! I need you to lie flat in the water before I begin! I know it's hard but try to relax!" Sean yelled.

"O.. O, Okay!" Michael stuttered, trying to calm himself down. He breathed in and allowed himself to float on top of the water. The feeling in his body started to escape, and that's when he started to feel the pressure from the energy in Sean. The water around him started to pick up and move violently.

Michael's friends could only stare in horror as the heat and life started to vaporize from his floating body. They knew this is what he wanted though and just kept their fingers crossed that he'd make it through. Muttering things to themselves to make it easier for them to believe he would make it.

Sean was on the shore, a hand aimed at Michael and eyes closed, concentrating on his cold floating body, trying to push enough energy into him to bridge the gap between him and Eleven. The air started warping around him, and the vesicles in his face started to form, his eyes growing darker with each passing second. If this worked it would vacuum her back into the world, but if it failed. Michael would either die from hypothermia, or would be sucked into whatever wormhole Eleven found herself in.

Michael closed his eyes, and started to lose track of time, he started hearing things. First, he heard his friends yelling for him. Then he heard something else... something that woke him, made him regain his feeling, sending adrenaline through his body.

"Mike! MIKE!" Yelled an angelic voice from beyond. The cry to Mike was desperate and sad. Mike could tell Eleven was crying.

"I'm here!" Michael yelled out into the cloudy sky above. "I'm here Eleven! Where are you?! ELEVEN!?"

Sean interjected. "Michael, you have to stay calm, it's working, that's why you can hear her. I'm getting closer to bridging, HANG ON!" Sean fell to one knee, keeping a hand raised still. Michael's body began to tremble from the energy. *Ahh! It hurts!* He thought to himself, *I can't hold on much longer! El, I'm sorry!* Then everything went dark, black, and cold. Soundless and empty, Michael faded from



consciousness.

A loud thundering noise roared along the walls of the quarry, like a lightning strike had struck directly in front of them. Dustin noticed Michaels body sinking into the water.

"I'm coming Mike!" Dustin screamed, throwing off his jacket and running into the water. He wasn't the only one thinking this however, all three of his best friends threw their jackets off and rushed into the water as well, courage in their hearts to save their Dungeon Master. Sean stood on the shore, breathless and tried to recuperate his strength, blood ran down his nose and ears. *First time in a long while that's happened*, he thought to himself as he let the warm blood drip down.

Dustin dived into the water with his friends. The cold enveloped them as they went deep into the dark depths. Then, in shock and awe he saw something he never thought he'd ever see, or rather, someone. A small female body floating underneath the water, a large blue-gray coat that was oversized with a pink dress underneath. There was no doubt in Dustin's mind that this was Eleven, and he couldn't believe it had actually worked. He yelled underneath the water and bubbles floated to the surface. Dustin pointed at Lucas and Will, then pointed at Mike's body that they could finally see now that they were deeper, signaling for them to get him. Dustin headed over to Eleven and grabbed her underneath her arm. Then he began kicking his feet against the water to reach the surface.

Dustin gasped for air when he reached the top. Eleven was safely above water as well, then he started heading to shore. He had to get her out quickly before she became too cold. A few seconds later, the others surfaced as well, Michael's cold body was with them.

"Hang on Mike!" They yelled, kicking towards the shore. "We've got her Mike, she's here. You did it!"

"Huh?" Michael just ever so barely and quietly uttered under his breath, eyes still closed. Somehow, he could feel Eleven's presence, which was enough to stir him back into consciousness.

"Don't you die on me you big jerk!" Lucas cried.

Finally, they reached the shore. Dustin grabbed his jacket and pulled it over Eleven, who was starting to open her eyes, but barely, Will and the others right behind them. They laid Michael down on his back and grabbed his clothes, forcing them onto his wet body. "Come on!" Will yelled. "Michael wake up!"

Michael's lips were cold and blue. His skin was starting to turn as well. At this point the hypothermia was starting to set in, and there wasn't anything they could do to stop it.

"Mike... Mike, Mike!" Started to cry Eleven, shallowly glancing over at her dying partner, a hand raised to reach for him.

Dustin began forming tears, it wasn't fair. Why did he have to die now! There had to be some way.

"You, can't die, don't leave." Eleven said crying slightly, she started to slowly crawl over to Mike with what little strength she had. "You promised." Blood started flowing out of her nose and ears, and her eyes began to roll slightly, she placed both of her hands on Michael's chest, and allowed everything around her to dissolve. The world faded, and she focused on the one thing that was most important to her in the world.

"What's she doing?" Will asked, Lucas.

"I don't know." He replied.

There was a long silence that seemed to feel like an eternity. Then suddenly, color began returning to Michael's frozen body, and a large gasp for air came from within him. He coughed and choked, shivering still from the heat loss. His mind was trying to catch up to what El was physically doing to him.

"She's using her powers to heat up his body!" Dustin pointed out.

They all began to laugh and cry at the same time. That's when Mike turned his head, and his eyes opened. Blurry at first, but then he saw her. He could see her clearly for the first time in what felt like forever. Eleven was finally with him. This wasn't a nightmare, or a dream. This was real, and in that moment, nothing on Earth could be

cold enough to combat the warmth he felt in his heart.

Eleven calmed herself down and lowered her eyes to the most important person in the world to her. She managed to crack the smallest of grins. Then Michael returned it with one of his own and spoke. "I missed you," he whispered just loud enough for her to hear.

She closed her eyes and breathed in, then let a tear run down them, when she opened them back up she replied, "Missed, you, too."

Michael laughed, and his grin grew bigger. Their friends surrounding them with warmth and joy. Mike grabbed Eleven's hand, feeling the tender softness of it, and never wanting the moment to fade.

"Mike?" Eleven said, taking another breath.

"Yeah?"

"Still, pretty?"

Michael began to cry.

"Always." He gently replied.

Another moment passed and a concerned look appeared on Eleven's face. "Mike... the monster, I couldn't-" She uttered before flinching at the unexpected laughter behind her, and forgotten detail of the whole event. Eleven jerked her head to look and her eyes drew narrow with horror.

Their tender reunion, interrupted, rudely and abruptly. Sean rose to his feet... laughing hysterically, as if he'd known something they didn't. Most of his strength had returned, and everyone looked toward him as he moved forward. He held his gut and burst into uncontrollable laughter, falling to his knees. The sight was horrific, he looked insane, and ready to do anything. Everyone turned and watched him maniacally writhe in satisfaction.

"What's so funny!" Lucas demanded, annoyed.

"Yeah, what's the big idea?" Will added.

When he finally rose back up to his feet he moved forward, head tilted down slightly, Michael and Eleven became frozen in place. Then Eleven's instincts kicked in, focusing on Sean, trying to break his hold, more blood coming through, but powerless to do an.

"Did you think I was your friend?" He said, throwing his left hand to the side while still moving. This sent Will flying off several meters to the left.

"Did you think that I cared?" The other hand directed at Lucas and Dustin, sending them to the right.

"Did you think I was actually trying to help?!" Sean laughed, never once taking his eyes off Eleven and Mike, still advancing.

Michael and everyone else's face turned angry, twitching from the betrayal. Eleven's face still fearful and scared.

"You're scattered now, I've broken you up." Sean spun around with his arms in the air, as if gesturing at the location around them. "What would you call this Mike!?" He finally began, kneeling, just a few feet from them, "the gameboard?... and what does that make me?" A hiss in his voice.

"I can think of a few names!" Dustin interjected.

Lastly Sean took his focus off Michael and turned his head to Eleven, still trying to break the hold he had on her and Mike.

"Glad to finally meet you, Eleven, are you ready to come back home now? If not, I'll destroy everything you love, starting with this boy," he threatened, pointing at Mike.

In his eyes were an evil that shook their bodies cold like the quarry water, and in that moment, Sean went instantly from a new friend to complete enemy.

---

**We're in trouble guys! Looks like the gang has a true fight ahead of them.**

**To be perfectly honest, I love the soundtrack to the first season,**

and when I was writing the scene with Eleven, I was listening to the "Eleven" track.

When Sean began his interruption afterwards, the track "Fresh Blood" started.

If you want a heightened experience, you can read it back while listening to those tracks.

Once again I don't own Stranger Things or anything involved with the series.

Nor do I own or claim to own any rights to the soundtrack for Stranger Things by Kyle Dixon and Michael Stein.

Hope you enjoyed! More to follow before too long.

Have a wonderful day!

10plus1

## 6. Chapter 5

Here's Chapter 5!

The story did not "officially" update when I posted the last chapter,

So if you weren't following there would almost be no way to know I submitted Chapter 4. Just an FYI.

This chapter has some action (which is not my strong suit in writing)

So please go easy on me if there are things a little difficult to read :) Thanks!

Review! :D ... Also follow just in case what happened last time happens again.

From this point forward the remainder of the story will have MUCH longer chapters. Let me know if that's still what you want!

Enjoy!

---

ONE MONTH AGO

"Eleven Stop!" Michael yelled, hurrying himself to stop his partner. Only to be met with a hand gesture that flew him backwards into the science cabinet. The lights flickering uncontrollably in the classroom, it was disorienting. Eleven stared down her foe, giant and slimy in nature, cruel. It's head opening to reveal the teeth and cavity underneath. It was hungry, wishing for blood. The Demogorgon curled and cried, but was helpless against the supernatural power of El.

Face to face with the beast now, Eleven pondered what she had to do, would this be the end? Her dark red eyes were so weak, her BODY was so weak. *I must save them. I must save Mike.* She thought to herself. *One more time. Have to see Mike again. One, more, time.* Eleven

turned with a downcast expression. "Good bye Mike." The words escaping her like vapor disappearing in the wind. To Mike, the words went cold and deep, driving slowly through his heart like a knife.

Then she looked away, satisfied with her last image of him. Her heart was set on exterminating the presence of evil around them. She knew this would be the end. Or at least, that's what she thought, and as her desperate shouting ripped apart the Demogorgon from existence, she realized just how wrong she was. She would have taken death over this punishment without question.

"Eleven!" She heard a yell from beyond. Her eyes shot open with the taste of blood still fresh in her mouth, she had used too much energy. When Eleven motioned herself to sit up, she could see nothing. She was lying on a sheet of darkness that extended forever in all directions. "EL!" She heard echo again, and this time she jumped up onto her feet and began to run. "Mike!... Mike! Here!" She cried out, running as fast as she could, no telling what direction she was going, or if she was even moving. Her energy was getting too low, exhausting herself she fell on her side, crying.

Eleven rolled herself into a ball, hands on her head, the screams could be heard from every corner of the darkness, the echoing, screeching cries from the little girl's voice. This was her domain now, this is where she would reside and rule over for all of time. Was time even passing? How long had she been here already? Time became unimportant, and her metabolism was unchanged. A month's worth of time passed in what felt like only minutes.

Without warning, a faint light began to shine in the darkness ahead of her, she pushed past the tears that were blurring her vision, and wiped her eyes to see what it was. *Light*, she said to herself. *What is this?* Moving forward, she inspected the light, it was far away, but in the darkness it was shining like the sun. "Mike?" She questioned, her right hand over her eye. The light was blinding her.

Then, all of a sudden, something started to appear, and she could see Mike. He was standing outside his home, Will was leaving with his brother in a car as it carried on down the road. It was like someone picked up pieces of reality and dropped them into this abyss. She ran as fast as she could to get to Michael, standing so close to him. He

was looking right at her couldn't see she was there. She could see the breath leaving his body as he exhaled in the cold air. Eleven raised a hand to touch his face, but it was useless, something, like a barrier, was preventing her from making contact with her partner.

"He can't hear you." Said a strangely familiar voice. Eleven spun around wildly, looking for the source of the disturbance. Then in the distance she could see him. A lanky figure, her age, cold, evil, with the numbers 002 on his arm.

"I'm going to find you Eleven. I can finally be useful again. You can stand there and watch as I use your friends. In fact," Sean said in a sinister tone, "I'm watching one right now, the one you're standing beside." Sean grinned.

"No," whispered Eleven, shaking her head in denial, she didn't want him to hurt Michael, anything but that. Sean could kill her for all she cared, but Mike was too important to her.

"Mike! MIKE! RUN!" She started to yell and scream at his face. Using an ounce of power to maybe break through whatever barrier that was holding her back from communicating with him. Then, for a brief moment of hope, the lights on the garage and front door started to flicker with each yell. Eleven watched as Michael eyed them curiously, deep in thought. Then he headed inside.

Sean frowned in frustration. "It doesn't matter what you do Eleven!" He finished before fading into a cloud of smoke. The images started to crumble into the darkness. Eleven was alone again. *I have to warn Mike*, was the only thing on her mind, it consumed her. That of course... was until she heard the crying roar of a creature, somewhere lurking in the same darkness she was trapped within.

## AT THE QUARRY

Will, Lucas, and Dustin were pinned, the only thing they could do was watch... watch as Sean moved in on their best friends. "How could you do this?!" Yelled Will, "we trusted you!"

"I don't need to explain anything to anyone of you," Sean explained, "The truth is that you're all going to die, right here, right now. I'm



just deciding how to do it for each one of you, I want it to be a *special* moment... After all, it will be the last moment you have here on this Earth." Sean playfully said, addressing everyone on the rocky beach.

The boys struggled to move and to get up. Sean was powerful, so powerful he could hold all of them still without even exerting much effort. *So this is what troy and the others felt like earlier*, Dustin thought to himself, and he almost felt sorry for them.

Then a voice started to rise from behind Sean, intimidating, angry, and determined. "I... won't... ever forgive you," said Michael, miraculously moving his cold legs against the power of 002 and climbing to his feet. Sean became confused and slightly fearful as the Wheeler boy straightened himself. His face was scowled and curled, and it looked as if Michael could punch through a concrete wall with the way his fists were clenched. "You won't hurt my friends, and we will not die today. I'll make sure of it." Mike finished, with a confidence that his friends had never heard from him before.

"How!?" Began Sean, "how are you on your feet? Sit down!" He commanded, raising his right arm towards Michael again. His target kneeled on one knee for a moment, but then began to rise once more, ready to make a move. Sean glanced down and noticed Eleven had a hand of her own raised too, also aimed at Mike. Instead of fighting Sean's grip, which she knew was too powerful, she instead decided to channel her energy into Michael, hoping it would be enough to support him. Lucky for her, it was.

"Together, we'll beat you!" Michael yelled as he lunged forward, tackling Sean. This released his hold on the other boys, their bodies relaxed and Lucas saw an opportunity, calling him from his backpack near his bike. "Dustin cover me," Lucas requested as he ran over to the bike.

"Got it," He nodded at Lucas. "Hold on Mike I'm coming!" It was time to overwhelm Sean with everything they had. He darted forward to assist his friend in restraining the psychic boy who they called friend just an hour earlier.

Sean threw a punch at Michael which connected. His face crashed against the rocks, leaving him with some scrapes on the side of his

face. Sean was able to focus again once more, focusing his entire attention towards Eleven. She sat, staring at him, helpless, trying to channel her remaining energy into Michael. Then Dustin threw his body into Sean, breaking his focus on El.

"ENOUGH!" Sean screamed, tired of the nonsense, his energy at that moment exploded outwards in a cone, sending Dustin towards Lucas, and Michael backwards. Then he quickly reached a hand out for Eleven, and motioned it in an arc over his head. Her body flew over him, landing hard on the ground behind him.

"ELEVEN!" Michael yelled, reaching for her, before being pinned again by his energy.

Then a sudden jolt of pain went through Sean when a large rock smacked him dead across his temple. It was enough to make him cringe in pain. "What the?" He wondered. When we glanced over at the source, it was Lucas and his wrist rocket, ready for action.

"You wanna kill us? You'll have to try harder than that!" Lucas challenged.

Michael got up to his feet while Sean was distracted and threw a good right hook. This knocked Sean to the ground.

"Had enough yet?" Michael furiously asked.

Sean started laughing, pulling his hand away from his lip to reveal a slightly bloody lip. "I'm just getting started."

Over towards the bikes, Will was on the ground next to Eleven trying to wake her up. "Eleven? Come on wake up." He said, shaking her gently. Eleven's eyes started to squint open.

"Mike?" She uttered, confused from the small black out.

Sean reached a hand out, like he was grabbing for Michael's legs, and telekinetically pulled him down to the rocky surface. Then he lifted him upside down in the air. "Would you like me to send you away? A trip to the upside down will suffice, I think that's how I'll handle you." Sean said. Another rock from Lucas flew through the air to hit him, but Sean raised his other hand and caught it, throwing it back.

The force of the impact hit Lucas so hard in the shoulder it sent him spinning, Dustin, helpless to do anything else at this point. Things did not look good.

Michael began to feel his insides twist and turn as Sean tilted his head staring at the helpless boy floating upside down.

"AHH!" Yelled Mike in agony, unable to do anything but endure. That's when the unexpected happened... A large, grotesque hand flew up through the ground, out of a hole they didn't even realize was there next to them. A gray figure started to crawl out of it. Humanoid in nature, it screeched as it climbed up to the surface. The creature was without a face. Its shadow loomed over Sean as he slowly turned his head around to meet it.

"The Monster!" Yelled Eleven. "Mike!" She called, raising a hand to her partner, wanting to protect him. She knew she was too weak though.

"Michael get out of there now!" Will screamed, horrified that his worst nightmare was once again in front of him. The boys started picking up their bikes and realized the best option now was to retreat while the Demogorgon's attention was on Sean. Will grabbed Sean's bike, thinking to himself, *He won't be needing this, now will he?* Michael ran over to Eleven, helped her onto her feet, and motioned for her to hop on his bike.

"Eleven hang on, we're gonna get you out of here." He said. Eleven didn't speak as they darted off on their bikes. Her hands wrapped around Michael's waist. The last thing they saw when they looked back was Sean fighting the Demogorgon, screaming in pain as it swiped its claw across his left arm.

"Go Go Go Go!" Dustin yelled, the distance between them and the quarry growing further and further. Darkness began to blanket Hawkins and they needed a plan. They needed somewhere to go, somewhere safe. Michael knew there was only one place they could seek shelter without causing too much attention, and it wasn't long before they pulled in to Chief Hopper's yard. His vehicle sitting in the front, and a light on in the house. He was in for one hell of a surprise, and a lot more on his plate than he was prepared for.

---

Yay! Eleven is back and the gang is together!

Now we can get to that oh so special FLUFF!

Can't wait for you all to read what I have coming up.

Thank you so much for reviewing and reading! This is what I look forward to every day.

Have a great day everyone! Psst... and watch out for angry Seans and Demogorgons ;)

10plus1

## 7. Chapter 6

Hey everyone! Sorry it's been so long.

I know I used to post almost every day, but I actually have a baby on the way soon! Taking care of my wife comes first :)

ANYWAYS! Here's chapter 6!

I tried to clean it up more than I did with some of the other chapters.

If you want to beta the story let me know and we can set that up.

Also! If you're an artist I wanted to get a cover for the story and would love to see some artwork :D

(^.^ ) R&R! (^.^ )

As always, thanks for reading.

Enjoy!

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Jim Hopper couldn't have been more relaxed if he wanted to. Finally, after more paperwork than he'd ever seen in his life, and the leftover fragments of loose ends that needed closing from last month's "episode," Hopper could breathe. The cold surface of a small glass cup with liquor and ice felt good on his hands as he raised it to take a drink, with a gasp of refreshment he plopped onto his couch, ready to watch whatever was on his television at home. *I should actually clean this place up, it's a mess*, Jim thought to himself for a moment looking around at the disaster of a home. In the end he discarded the thought and took another gulp of the drink.

It was a good thing no one was scheduled to make a visit; his working days were over... At least, for the next three until he had to return. 'A well-deserved vacation' is what they called it.

He thought about trying his luck at calling up the local librarian

again for some "book lessons," but decided against that too, it would probably end up leading him to another awkward situation anyways. Honestly, he needed this time to clear his head and get real with himself about where he wanted to go in life. Successful as he may be as the chief, Hopper was still missing something – a piece of himself that would never grow back, his daughter blew that hole wide open, and no amount of duct tape or satisfaction on the job would ever repair or fill it.

Without warning, loud and violent knocking began attacking his front door. "Officer Hopper! Officer Hopper are you there!?" Jim went into cop mode, setting his drink down on the table next to him. He threw on a light jacket before opening the door. "Kids?" Hopper said, looking at the children outside his door, "what do you want? Why are you-" Jim stopped himself, his face went stone cold when he saw who was past them.

A small weak girl, who was being held up by Michael Wheeler was all that it took for him to get serious. "Get inside, now!" Hopper demanded, looking out past all the kids. He wasn't a stranger to being watched by secretive agencies, and wanted to make sure nobody was outside spying.

The kids hurried into his small house, out of breath and exhausted. They had never pedaled their little bodies faster in their whole lives, and who wouldn't? If there were evil psychic bullies and monsters from the Vale of Shadows behind you... you ran! Jim shut the door behind him and locked it, then he closed the shades and locked the windows. "Anybody want to tell me exactly what's happening?" Hopper asked as he finished with his security measures.

All of the kids except for Michael and Eleven began speaking over one another, trying to get out every little detail they could remember at once. Michael was too busy drowning at the sight of Eleven. "Okay everyone be quiet!" Jim told the boys, then he looked over at Michael who was sitting down on his couch with the girl. "Michael," Hopper sighed, "where did you find her?"

"We didn't really *find* her," Michael began, "It's more like we pulled her back."

Hopper's face went into the 'I don't have a damn clue what you're talking about' expression.

Michael clarified, "there's a new boy at school, named Sean. He's like Eleven, and he knew how to find her, she wasn't here with us. She was somewhere like the upside down, but not quite there either."

"Well where is he?" Hopper asked.

"Hopefully dead!" Dustin interrupted, "he tried to murder us once we brought Eleven back! But when we ran off we saw him battling the Demogorgon."

"Yeah he's working with the lab, and that white haired guy." Lucas added.

"Okay... Wait," said Jim, "what's a Demogorgon?"

"Just a name we came up with for the monster," Dustin replied.

"Uh huh," Hopper said, still not understanding where the name came from.

Hopper took a deep breath and rolled his eyes. *Brenner's alive? I thought the officials... Oh God, not state again.* Jim suddenly remembered that part of the investigation after the school incident was State operated. It was no wonder he didn't know Brenner was alive. They kept it a secret. He just assumed that he had died, considering he went to the school the day him and Joyce went to retrieve Will and so many people had lost their lives.

"Chief you have to help us," Will began, "The monster from the upside down is back, and Sean almost killed us today. If it wasn't for Eleven and Mike, we'd probably be goners right now."

The Chief scratched his forehead and closed his eyes, pacing back and forth. There were several key issues he was facing; One, he had five children in his home, who were out past dark and needed to get home safely. Two, the girl at the epicenter of last month's events was sitting on his couch looking like death. If the lab found out she's alive – and if this new boy they were talking about was still out there then they would – she was going to need a place to stay. None of the boys'

homes would do, because they weren't secure enough. Three, the people grabbing monster from hell was back on the loose.

*So much for that Well-Deserved vacation.*

"Alright, here's what's gonna happen," Jim began, "First we're going to get you kids home, safely." He looked over at Michael. "Kid, you're probably not going to like this, but the girl has to stay here with me."

"WHAT?! No!" Michael argued. "She can't stay here!" Michael was upset and angry, he just got Eleven back, he was being selfish and truthfully he wanted Eleven to himself. He turned to El, she was looking at him too. Her eyes big and beautiful, awaiting her hero to talk. "Eleven you have to come back with me, right?" Mike asked.

"Mike... Not safe." Eleven said. "Two , he was watching you." She replied.

Michael's stomach started to churn, *how does he know where I live? That bastard! Was he watching me this whole time?* He thought, then he took a deep breath, feeling defeated. "Okay El, your safety is the most important thing right now. I understand." He said, adding a touch of nostalgia from a conversation they had a month ago.

Eleven gave a small smile, then turned to look at Hopper who started to speak again.

"Kids I'm going to give you my number, if you see anything suspicious you NEED to call me, right away, understand?"

"Yes sir," the kids all said at once while Hopper wrote his number down on four different slips of paper, handing them to the boys.

Jim went into his room for a moment, shouting into the living room. "I'm gonna get ready to head out. Don't touch anything!" Hopper said through the walls.

The boys sat there, impatiently waiting to go home, it was starting to get late at that point. So Dustin, Will, and Lucas started messing around with one another, playfully wrestling, but Michael wasn't interested in that. The only person he wanted to be around was El, he still couldn't believe she was home, and even though she wouldn't be



staying in her fort he was happy nonetheless.

Eleven was focused on something, lost in thought. She glanced over at Michael, and gave another small smile. *I'm home*, she said to herself.

"Mike," El suddenly said.

"Yeah El?" He replied.

Eleven wanted to let Michael know she desperately wanted to go back with him, and learn more, and have fun, and sit in the Lay Z boy chair, and eat more Eggos. There was so much she wanted to say, but didn't have the right words to say them. All she had was a feeling in her stomach that only seemed to come around when she thought of Mike.

"I wanted to go home with you, I just."

"I know, I understand," Michael started to finish for her, "It isn't safe."

They paused for a moment, and started to give each other big smiles. Both were over the moon with one another.

"Hey El?" Michael asked.

She acknowledged him, looking up towards his face, a faint smile appearing.

"Sean said that when he was in the lab that they would sometimes let him see videos of the others, like you." Michael gathered his thoughts then asked the remainder of the question. "Did you ever see him in one?"

Eleven looked away with a downcast expression. "Bad," she mouthed, barely audible enough for Mike to hear. Then she recalled a memory from long ago.

ONE YEAR AGO

011 was sitting on the edge of the bed in her cell, her feet moving back and forth.

Waiting.

Waiting.

Waiting.

She tried to count as high as she could just to pass the time, though she could only go so far. Her "educational" experiences were never that extensive, the people dressed in white only taught her the most basic skills needed to perform whatever tasks Papa wanted her to accomplish.

Suddenly the door opened, letting light pass into the small space. 011 pulled her arm up to her eyes to cover them until they were adjusted to the brightness. A shadowy figure loomed in the doorway. "I need to show you something 011." The man said. His hand gestured for her to follow him. He was wearing a black suit on and his posture was straight, with white hair.

"What is it Papa?" 011 asked, raising a hand to hold Dr. Brenner's. He held her hand and guided her through the hallways of the labyrinthian structure. The halls were narrow, and cold. Dull lights that were enough to put you to sleep lined the wall every few feet or so. 011 curiously looked at every door they passed. Some had windows, and others didn't. She would always want to see what was inside, but Papa never let her.

"I'm going to show you what I want from you in the future." Papa said.

011 just looked up at him and nodded as they progressed further down the hall. Once they arrived at the right spot Papa opened the door. The room was small, but well lit. White tile on the floor, and in the center was a Table with a TV and VHS player atop it. An old wooden chair next to it.

"Go on and take a seat, I want you to watch something." Papa said, motioning and guiding 011 to her seat. When she sat down the chair moved slightly, so she adjusted herself, moving closer to the edge of the table. Papa picked up a VHS tape and placed it into the VHS player. 011 knew what the VHS player was because Papa taught 011

things whenever she had a question, and the VHS player was one of those questions, but that was a long time ago. When the image flashed across the glass screen 011's eyes lit up at what she was watching, and she became focused.

...

"Okay 002," said a man behind a glass window in the room a boy could be seen sitting in. The glass section of the wall allowed 011 to see the man who was speaking. "You know what to do." The man finished... 011 recognized that the man was Papa.

In the middle of the room, the boy was sitting at a table much like the one 011 was sitting next to. On his table though he had a cage, with a white rabbit inside. Electrical wiring was hooked up to the boy's head, and he was wearing a similar gown to the one she had on. His hair was also extremely short.

011 watched on the tape as the boy lifted his hands towards the rabbit, as if he were going to pick it up. A sudden soft crying came from the audio of the television 011 was watching, and she could feel horror. The boy was manipulating the rabbit.

011 watched in disgust at what the boy was doing.

"Now 002, do what I've asked." Papa requested in the video, concerned 002 would not listen. The boy smiled during his performance and then looked over at Papa, not complying with his request. "I'm having fun though." The boy replied.

She knew if she took her eyes away from the television screen she would be punished, and she didn't want to go back into the tiny dark room anymore. A tear went down her eye when she watched what the boy did next. In the video the boy took both of his hands and finished the animal off, its body unmoving from its position on the floor of the cage. 011's heart started racing. *How can I do this? I don't want to do this*, is all she could think. Then the tape ended.

The grip of a hand clasped her shoulder at that moment, bringing her back to reality, it was Papa. "What this boy did was spectacular, but he went too far," Papa started, "I want you to do what he did at the

end of the video in the future and nothing else. Understand me?" Papa finished.

011 gazed up at Brenner with tears in her eyes, nodding her head. It was almost certain that she would get in trouble if she didn't agree. Papa kept asking her to do things with her abilities, but it was difficult to. They were getting easier each day, but then Papa would give her new tasks that were more challenging. She didn't think she would ever be able to do what 002 did

And she didn't want to, it was horrible.

PRESENT

Eleven's gaze was infectious to Michael, almost like a disease that cursed his entire body. A fluttering feeling arose in his stomach each time their eyes met. He would finally be able to do everything he promised with El, but there was work to be done, and answers to find. He needed to make sure she was safe for good.

Hopper came out of the room with his uniform on from the Sheriff's department.

"Okay everyone, ready to go?"

They all followed Hop outside and loaded their bikes into his vehicle. Somehow they all fit into the car, but barely.

The headlights shined against the road pavement as Jim drove each individual boy home. Dustin was dropped off first, then Lucas, then Will. Michael asked if he could be last. He wanted as much time with Eleven as possible. He took her time for granted once before, and would never do it again. During the whole trip home Eleven and Michael held hands. The emotions flying around inside of him were out of control, and he could barely contain his joy.

"Okay kid, ready?" Hopper asked as they pulled onto the side of the road in front of Michael's house.

Mike sighed heavily, then turned to Hopper. "Yeah, I guess so."

"Don't worry kid, I'll make sure to bring her over whenever she

wants," Jim paused for a moment before speaking again, thinking he might regret what he was about to say, "and you can... come over anytime you want as well." He finished.

"Really!?" Michael excitedly asked, completely stunned by the cop's kindness. It wasn't anything that Mike was expecting to happen.

"Yes, now get inside before I change my mind."

Michael hopped out to grab his bike that Jim helped pull out of the trunk, he looked at El once more before walking across the grass.

Eleven's eyes were hopeful and looked like they did when Mike kissed her in the cafeteria that day a month earlier. She never got the chance to talk to Mike about what had happened, and It wasn't enough of a 'goodnight' for her to just watch Michael walk away from her. She had to do something, obeying the feelings that suddenly came on so strongly. Eleven was afraid of the feeling at first, her hands trembling and her heart racing, but ultimately... she gave into it.

"Mike!" the young Wheeler boy heard, spinning his head around. Eleven burst through the back door of Hopper's vehicle, running up to him.

"Kid Wait!... Oh forget it." Hopper said, a smile indicating he knew something cute was about to happen, and who was he to stop it.

"Eleven wha?-" was the only thing Mike could get out before Eleven's warm lips pressed against his. It was only for a moment, just like a month ago, but the world crumbled around Michael Wheeler, and he could no longer feel.

No nightmare could haunt him,

No pain could hinder him,

Nothing could stop him... No Demogorgon, and certainly not Sean either.

Mike was on top of the world.

When she stepped back and looked at him, Michael thought his legs would give out. His face looked shocked, drained of color except for the redness on his cheeks of course, but happy all at once.

Eleven became worried, unsure if what she did was correct, or even okay. She just acted on instinct and impulse after all.

"Wow," Michael whispered.

"Okay?" Eleven asked.

"Good, pretty good." Michael replied with a huge smile, red still apparent on his cheeks, even in the darkness. His elation bursting from his face.

Eleven flashed Michael a huge grin, satisfied with her success.

"Goodnight Mike."

"Goodnight El."

Then, under the now moonlit and starry sky – its light draining to the Earth below – Mike and El walked away. Each of them smiling and anxiously awaiting to see each other once more.

Michael walked up his short front porch and put a hand on the door to open it. He turned around to see Hopper drive away, El in the window watching him as they passed by. No lights were flickering tonight.

"Hi Honey! How did it go?!" He heard Karen ask from the living room as he stepped inside. She must have heard him enter the house.

"It went great! I had an amazing time!" Michael replied as he ran downstairs. He unloaded his backpack onto the floor of his basement, and looked at the blanket fort. *Still wish she could stay here*, He said to himself. Then he grabbed his sketch book and campaign notes, heading to his room.

When he walked through the hallway his sister's door opened. Jonathan revealed himself and Michael smiled at him. "I Knew it." Michael said, almost shouting.

"Shhhh," Jonathan said with a smile on his face, raising his finger to his lips. "Don't tell Will or my mom okay?"

Jonathan wasn't sure if whether Nancy was really into him. His doubt flooded his brain, but when a pretty girl who helps you face off against interdimensional demons who hold your brother captive for a week in a plane of reality other than your own asks you to come over to talk... The correct response is... *Yeah of course I'll come over.* Jon guarded his feelings, and didn't want to get hurt.

"Okay, I promise." Michael said, putting a fist to his heart, indicating it was a promise he wouldn't break.

"Thanks Mike," Jon said putting his hand on Michaels head as he walked past him. "Have a good night. I'm sure I'll see you later."

"I bet you will." Mike replied, jokingly making kissy faces at him to embarrass him.

The door to his sister's room opened slightly, a head peeking out. "Hey little brother, how'd it go?"

Michael turned around and tried to speak, but couldn't. He just sat there, almost teary eyed, with a smile on his face. Barely able to control the emotion and happiness coming from within him. Nancy just watched, a confused look on her face.

"What happened," she began, "What did you guys do?"

"She's back sis... Eleven's back." Michael choked up. Nancy put a hand on her mouth in shock and fully opened her door to meet Mike in the hallway.

"How? Where was she?" Nancy asked, but it was no use. By the time she started asking questions Michael had buried his head into his sister's waist, letting the emotion fly out; the joy, the anger, the sadness, the hate, all of it. He never really had a chance to express himself in front of Eleven today with all the boys around. His sister was the only other person he trusted.

They stayed like that for a couple of minutes before Nancy pulled away and asked a question. "Where is she now?"

"At Hopper's house." Mike said.

"Why there?" It was evident that something bad happened, or else Hopper wouldn't have taken her. She knew her brother too well, and if everything was okay she'd be here right now.

"We're in danger again, and you have to be prepared." Michael whispered. "There are others out there like El, and they're not friendly." Michael explained.

"And also..." Michael began, head down.

"What?" Nancy asked.

"The monster is back."

Nancy's face turned sour in that moment, not sure what to think, her mouth open in disbelief. She needed to warn Jonathan.

They exchanged hugs once more before finishing their conversation. Michael described Sean, and the events of earlier that day. She just couldn't believe how fast everything was moving. One month ago Eleven disappeared, and in the span of less than a day, she was back and with new threats apparently.

After they finished talking Michael headed to his room to get to sleep. Nancy walked back into her room, a million thoughts going through her head.

Michael pulled his sheets over to the side to make room for his little body to enter. Hopping in with one foot then pulling the rest of himself in, he settled himself down for the night, unable to sleep, but he didn't care.

Then he heard a peculiar voice.

"Mike?" It said.

Michael shot up and looked around the room. "El?" He asked, looking to see where it came from. *Was she hiding in the closet?*

"No Mike, I'm here." Eleven said again.



The feeling was strange, almost like a dull headache, but Michael gathered she was using telepathy to speak to him.

*"I can't speak long. I just."* Eleven said, cutting herself off.

"Just what?" Michael asked aloud. In amazement that he was speaking to her from so far away.

*"Miss you."* Eleven finally answered after a long pause.

"Oh, well, I miss you too El... but you're safe. Hopper won't let anything happen to you okay? I promise." He reassured her.

*"Promise?"* She asked.

"Promise."

*"Okay... Goodnight Mike."* She said. No other words came.

Michael flopped back down onto his pillow with thoughts of El flooding his mind. Realizing he wasn't sleeping in the blanket fort, he laughed to himself. He didn't need the fort anymore.

He vowed to himself he never would.

---

**Oh goodness! So much is happening. I'm so excited!**

**Aren't Eleven and Mike just so cute! :D (Mileven! 100%)**

**Thank you to everyone who has read! I appreciate your time.**

**More to come soon, but until then. Have a great day!**

**10plus1**

## 8. Chapter 7

Hello again everyone! Here is Chapter 7. Now this is probably the smallest chapter I have wrote so far. I've made a decision to shorten my chapters (I know I know, I said they'd be longer)... Honestly for me right now it's a lot easier to write these smaller segments then trying to fit in a several thousand word chapters. They take a long time, and I want to get something out to you guys more often. Not to mention the time it then takes to go over the chapter before publishing takes a while too (and I still don't catch everything lol)

Anyways... If a day goes smoothly then I may post as many as 2 chapters a day depending on how busy I get. I will make sure the story doesn't progress too quickly with these chapters so more content can be released.

Hopefully you understand and continue to read. I know a lot of people probably enjoy longer chapters better.

Lets get on with the story though! (That's why you're here ;)

Enjoy!

---

Hopper pulled into his yard. The light shining from the headlights faded when he turned and pulled the key from the ignition. "Okay," he sighed, "home sweet home."

"Home?" Eleven asked. "Small."

"Well I'm sorry princess, so what if it's small, not every house can be as big as Wheeler's." Jim responded, obviously offended by the rudeness of the child, though he knew it was harmless.

Eleven flashed a grin, she thought it was funny that she hurt a grown up's feelings. He walked around to the other side, feet crunching against the frozen yard and helped Eleven out of the car. She looked down at her ragged clothing. Hopper noticed it too. It wasn't going to be long before her clothes were useless.

"We'll get you some in the morning, can you hold out until tomorrow?" Hopper asked. Eleven Nodded.

Their feet moved together against the frozen grass up to the short flight of wooden steps. Jim's house was small and quaint, but it was home to him. You could really clear your head being out by the small quiet lake where he lived.

Hawkins Lab would never think to look for Eleven here at Hopper's house, which was why it was the best place for her to be. Plus, being the police chief would ensure that nobody would question why he took in a child, assuming someone found out. He intended to keep it a secret, until the right time came of course.

Hopper opened the door for El and they walked in. He was immediately regretful that he didn't just decide to clean up earlier when he had the chance. Beer cans on the coffee table, electronics piled in a corner, the smell of smoke. The place was as rugged as the hair on his face, which he never bothered to shave after last month.

"Sorry about the mess," he said.

Eleven sat down in one of the yellow chairs at the kitchen table, while Hop moved behind her and opened the freezer. "You must be hungry, want some Eggo's?"

Eleven looked like someone had shot her with a high dose of adrenaline, the way she bounced up and moved over to him. "You have them!?"

Hopper grabbed a couple and placed them into his toaster, which luckily survived the genocide of electronics from last month. El watched anxiously with her hands on his counter top, studying the art of baking frozen waffles.

He looked over at her, wondering why she was so inquisitive of every little thing, it almost annoyed him. However, he had to be patient. This wasn't an ordinary child he was dealing with. Not that she would or anything, but he knew full well that she could shout him apart if he upset her. With that in mind he started to speak.

"This is a toaster," he began, "the wires inside heat up and cook whatever you put into it. You pull this lever down to start."

Jim motioned at the lever on the toaster and walked her through this simple process, but yet so astounding to Eleven. Her eyes, so focused, and fixed on every little thing he was saying and doing. This passed the time relatively quickly, or at least enough for the waffles to spring back up. It scared Eleven, her feet jumping at the shock.

"It's okay, that means they're done." Hopper reassured.

They walked over to his fridge, and he pulled out the almost empty bottle of syrup. Jim placed the now cooked waffles onto a plate from the wooden cupboard and glazed some sweet syrup over the warm surface of the waffles.

"Here you go kid." Jim said, his warm fatherly tone echoing in the room.

"Thank you." Eleven said innocently, looking up at Hopper before diving into the delightfully delicious treats.

Jim walked into his bedroom, luckily there were some clean blankets and sheets that he had yet to replace on his bed. He quickly changed them out and grabbed the old ones in one big ball. He moved back out into the living room and set them down next to his couch. Eleven eyed him, wondering what he was doing.

Eleven had this ability, and not the one where she could talk to someone without speaking, or travel through dimensions, or use her mind to move objects – Although she had those too. No, she had the incredible ability to speak by only using her eyes.

Words weren't necessary, just a warm gaze that let you know what she was thinking before you had a chance to ask.

To Jim, at that moment, she was asking him what he was doing.

"I'm bringing these old blankets out here. Lucky for you I had some clean ones. You can sleep in my room. It's safe there, plus I can stay out here and keep guard."

Eleven nodded, understanding what Hopper meant by 'keeping guard.'

"Just leave the plate, I'll get it tomorrow." Hopper said, pointing at her now empty plate of food. Not a crumb left in sight. "I don't know what you've been through, or where you've been, but it couldn't have been easy."

Hopper watched Eleven, her eyes tired and sleepy, deep in thought. She was thinking of the last month; and the darkness, and the monster, how evil Sean was... and Mike. Mostly Mike.

"Go on kid, get some sleep." Jim said, his voice warm and kind.

Eleven got up and walked into Hopper's room. His bed was larger than the blanket fort, that was for sure. She crawled into the clean blankets and stared up at the ceiling, resting her head on the soft pillow. Thinking of Michael she tried to reach him with her abilities. When she finished, Eleven closed her eyes, letting a tear fall down her cheek. Then she wiped it off and drifted into sleep, to a place where no darkness could hold her, where she was finally safe.

Before Jim turned in for the night he made sure to lock the doors and windows, then he closed his shades. When he fell into the couch his weary body relaxed. He couldn't help but think of Sarah in that moment, and her beautiful gentleness. At some point in his life, Jim thought he could forget. But there was one piece of him that he could never really control.

The part that didn't want him to move on.

---

**Hey! We got some Hop and El time in this chapter. I always believed there was something going on between the two of them in the first season, but I have this feeling like Hopper would really take Eleven in like his own child.**

**Let me know what you think!**

**Please R&R! (It makes my day, for realz :P**

**Also, favorite or follow the story if you haven't already. A few**

chapters ago the story didn't update, but the chapter was posted so nobody knew :O

Thanks for reading and have a miraculous day!

10plus1

## 9. Chapter 8

Hey guys I know it's been a while since my last update. SUPER busy with midterms (which are now over! Yay! :D

Also my wife is been feeling sick so naturally been taking care of her.

I've also been trying to think of some ideas for the next arc in this story. Now that Eleven is back there is so much I can do with this. My mind keeps taking me into different directions though which is making it difficult to put things down.

However, here is another chapter to give you guys something while I hammer out some of the details. I do have more written just not polished to where I want it yet.

BTW! Shout out to Candy95, Free Bird, and janeelvenives83 (because you made me laugh!) The reviews are appreciated.

Thanks to everyone for that matter.

Hope you enjoy! Thanks for reading :)

A/N: I changed a couple of things from the previous chapters. Mostly errors in spelling, but I want to keep this as canon as possible, with the exception of Sean and where Eleven has been for the past month. So some of the interaction between Karen and Mike in chapter 1 has been changed.

If you spot any errors that may be conflicting with canon that aren't obvious, then PM me so I can adjust b/c it was probably unintentional. I'm going to re watch the show again soon to polish up my knowledge though.

---

The next day finally came. Michael's eyes opened and he shot up out of his bed once the sunlight filtered into his room through his shades. The day felt so bright and his room was more colorful then it had ever been. Or at least it felt that way. Quickly, he got dressed and ran

downstairs, taking caution to not fall from the run.

"Woah, you're in a hurry!" His father pointed out, walking past the front door and looking up at his son, who was now running into the kitchen, completely bypassing his father. Ted sighed and laughed, shaking his head as he headed outside to take off for work.

Dashing into the kitchen Michael stopped when he saw all the eyes glaring at him. "Michael, slow it down." His mother commanded, shaking the skillet she was wielding in one hand. It was filled with delicious eggs and onions; more ingredients were displayed across the counter top. She was making omelets.

Nancy looked at her little brother and winked, subtly letting him know she knew exactly why he was so happy.

"Ready for breakfast?" Karen asked her son.

"Sorry Mom I gotta go. Something important I have to take care of before school."

Michael ran over to the freezer and snatched the box of Eggos sitting on the side of the freezer wall, hastily stuffing them into his backpack. Karen rolled her eyes, wondering what had gotten into her son.

"Well all right just be careful. Have a good day at school!" Karen said, but it was useless, Michael was already out the door.

It wasn't long before Mike was letting the wind rip through his clothing as he biked down the road. He wasn't taking any detours or stopping to say hi to anyone along the way. The only person he had on his mind was Eleven. He wished she could hear his thoughts at that moment. He wanted desperately to talk to her, to know she was okay through the night. Michael guessed it wouldn't be long before he found out anyways.

Mike's – now rugged – bike moved swiftly against the terrain leading up to Jim Hopper's abode, and with almost no regard for the bicycle he let it collapse on the ground. Out of breath he ran up and attacked the door.



"Hopper?!... Eleven!? It's Mike! Let me in!"

Mike stood there in the cold wind for a moment before the door finally opened. Hopper stood there in the doorway looking past him and around to make sure no one was watching them from a distance. "Kid don't scare me like that. What are you here so early for?... Oh wait," Jim started, looking over at Eleven who was sitting on his couch, "Don't tell me, I think I already know." He finished, jokingly. Eleven was examining various things, intrigued by some of the gadgets in Jim's home. Then her eyes met Michael's.

He remembered that the chief was there last night when El rushed over and kissed him, and he couldn't help but feel slightly embarrassed at the notion, but for some reason he trusted the chief with that precious information. Not like it was a secret, of course his friends knew how much he cared for Eleven.

"Come on in." The chief said.

The Wheeler boy rushed past Hopper and sat down next to El on the couch.

"Hi Mike."

"Hi El." Michael Wheeler couldn't hold in his blushing. It peeked through his pale white face, and Eleven noticed.

"Red," she said.

Mike realized she was referring to his cheeks that seemed to be getting redder by the second. Then he thought of the most appropriate way to explain it to her, like he had with so many other things.

"Oh, my cheeks? Umm... It happens when you're really happy to see someone, or when someone makes you feel special." Michael explained.

"What's... special?" Eleven asked.

"Uh, well it's," Michael began trying to form his explanation, "it's what you say when something or someone is important to you,

something you would never want to let go."

"Am I... special to you?" Eleven asked.

Michael smiled at her innocence and nodded his head, he didn't want to trip over his words that would start to spew out if she got him going. El had a way of making Mike feel nervous, but safe too. It was a strange feeling, but whenever he felt this way it became hard for him to have control over his speech.

Eleven reciprocated the affectionate smile, eyes locked.

"Hey El," Michael started to speak with an intrigued face, "You were using your abilities to talk to me last night, right?"

"Yes," she replied.

"Wow, cool." Michael muttered under his breath before continuing. "Can you... talk to me whenever you want?"

"Yes. I can now. I was tired." Eleven said, "Do you want me to talk to you more?" El always enjoyed hearing Michael talk to her. How he described and explained the world, and life. She never realized that he actually wanted *her* to talk to *him* more. Eleven saw an opportunity to make Mike feel – what was that word again... special?

Michael's face lit up and he nodded to let her know that he did. What he really wanted to say though was – *I never want to "stop" talking to you* – but now that she knew it was okay to talk to him using her abilities more often, maybe it wouldn't feel so bad whenever he was away from her.

"Okay you kids, we've gotta go. Time to go get some new clothes." Hopper interrupted. It was true, they needed to outfit El with some more appropriate clothing, she hadn't changed in so long.

Both of them got up and walked towards the front with Hopper. "Don't you have to go to school soon kid?" Hopper asked.

Michael wanted so badly to go with El. To hop into Jim's vehicle and help Eleven feel normal again, he wanted to be by her side forever. His mind began to battle whether to go to school or skip. In the end

logic won. He knew if his Mom somehow found out, that it wouldn't matter if it was the girl who he had opened his feelings to her for – He'd be grounded.

"Yeah, I do." Michael said in defeat. Frustrated that his moments with El were either short lived, or filled with danger. He wished to go back to the time when El would just sit there in the blanket fort and they could talk or laugh about random things, and he could teach her about the world. The adrenaline he got from keeping her there at his house without anyone knowing was exhilarating. Michael missed those days, and wanted them back. It felt like the world was trying to keep him and El apart.

Eleven could see the hurt on her partner's face. She placed her right hand on his shoulder. "Mike, I'll be okay. Safe." She reassured. It was her turn to let him know everything would be okay.

"You can come over right after school. We'll be here." Hopper said.

Michael smiled then, knowing that he'd be back later and would finally have some form of alone time with El.

"Oh, I almost forgot!" Michael exclaimed, pulling the box of Eggos out of his backpack. Immediately two gentle hands found their way onto the box of waffles.

*Jesus, this kid is going to be obsessed with Eggos for the rest of her life,* Hopper thought to himself. "All right, go put those up in the freezer so they stay good." Hopper asked El.

She looked at Hopper with a blank face for a moment, almost sinisterly. Then she used her abilities to float the Eggos over to the freezer, opening it and placing them inside.

"Show off." Hopper scoffed. Eleven grinned.

Michael noticed she wasn't bleeding. "Hey El, your nose didn't bleed." He pointed out.

"Rested. Stronger now." Eleven replied.

He couldn't help but wonder how Eleven was getting stronger. It had

only been a month earlier that whenever El did something as small as shutting a door her nose would drip blood. Maybe it was from using her abilities so much and that she was getting used to them. Or maybe it was from being in that "nowhere" for the last month. Either way Michael was okay with a stronger El. After all, they needed every ounce of strength if Sean were to come back.

Outside the cold morning air was crisp and fresh. Eleven took a deep breath when she walked outside, her eyes closed. She hadn't experienced weather like this before. Last month was chilly, but this was almost refreshing. Then they all walked over to Jim's vehicle. Mike gave El one last hug before he headed off to school.

"I'll be back as soon as I can. I promise," Michael whispered.

Eleven nodded her head, which was resting on Mike's shoulder. Then she hopped into the vehicle with Jim waving at Mike as they drove away. He looked at his watch and panicked, realizing he would more than likely be late to school. Deep down though he didn't care. He would cross oceans of inter dimensional space and time to be with her. What was 30 minutes of missed class time compared to that? With that in mind Michael kicked off with his bike and headed for school.

---

**Don't you just love those two? (and Hopper?)**

**They are super fun to write about and I can't stop thinking of cute directions to take them. I think the telepathy gives them a whole new level of intimacy that no other characters in the series can achieve.**

## 10. Chapter 9

Hi everyone! Here is chapter 9. I'm going to get into some darker writing here within the next few chapters and thought this would be a great way to introduce it.

I ended up going to Chicago to see Hamilton the musical with my wife (which was a blast!) so the story has been on pause for a moment. So with that said sorry for the late update for all of you eager readers :)

Thanks you to everyone who is reading! Honestly I love checking out the reviews and get excited when feedback comes in.

Enjoy!

---

Nightmares – Originating from stems of fear that linger in our minds, aching at the chance to break free and grasp a hold of us once again. Paralyzing us like a poison that is deeply seeded in our veins, spreading into every corner of our body. Almost malicious in intent and seemingly intelligent at the way they can rip our dreams into tiny little shreds just the right way. The power of these "nightmares" isn't even complicated. We all have a fear of something. Maybe it's our own minds we should be afraid of. Or maybe – Maybe instead we should fear those that are willing to manipulate them. Maybe they are the real nightmares.

### HAWKINS LAB

Subject 002 was anything but a calm person. Maybe, on the outside, his placid and humbling appearance could fool someone, and perhaps you could say for a short time he was calm. After all he did trick Will and his friends into believing his lie of friendship and unity. Sean was impressed with himself in how well he carefully designed the persona needed for his situation, and it was a beautiful thing to watch. However, on the inside of 002 a deep darkness lie dormant. An energy that can be translated into hatred and rage. The people of Hawkins laboratory knew this well.

002 rolled up to the chain link fence of the lab, easily pushing apart the metal pieces to create an opening. Flawlessly he crafted a door to walk right into the front yard of the facility. Taking a few steps on the frozen ground of the complex, making no sound as he picked his feet up to advance. It didn't take long before the spot lights were on him, shining his body into view while two dozen men burst from the darkness, seemingly out of thin air. 002's left arm was badly damaged from the claws of the Demogorgon, the skin peeled to the side of each ruptured streak. The inflammation and redness highlighted the dried blood that started to crumble off.

"On the ground on the ground!" They shouted at him, it made his head hurt. He liked the quiet. The quiet was what kept him sane when they isolated him.

He kept quiet and smiled, knowing this was his way inside, to talk to papa again. This was the only way to get what he needed – More power.

#### INSIDE BRENNER's ROOM

Two men in suits carefully walked through the metal door entering Dr. Brenner's recovery room. The machines and lights still beeping and buzzing. The nurse taking care of him for the night was on break, so it was just them in the room.

"Sir we have a problem." One of the men began, then the other started.

"002 has diverted from initiative protocols. It appears he failed."

Dr. Brenner was sitting up in his bed. In pain and exasperated from the stress and mental anxiety of his decisions over the past month. Obviously his approach to the situation at hand a few weeks ago wasn't "up to par," and he was, at the very least, honest enough to admit it. Though he wouldn't jeopardize his position of power by admitting it to anyone else.

"What do you mean failed?" Brenner asked.

"The boy's identity was compromised before the mission could be

completed... Evidently a choice he decided to make on his own before finishing the objective."

Brenner coughed for a few moments, and you could feel the loss of oxygen in his exaggerated gasps of air. His lungs thirsty for something better to live off than a machine and tubes. Wiping his mouth he turned his head to the two men so he could see. His red eye exposed and unbandaged.

"And the girl?" Brenner asked.

The two men took a moment before answering. "No longer missing. 002 pulled her out alive, but she escaped and went into hiding."

"Good, the hard part's over," Brenner began, "how did you find all of this out?"

The men cleared their throats before beginning with their explanation.

"002 is here... in detainment, he returned after failing and sustaining injuries to his arm. He told us he would say everything that happened under two conditions."

"Well... what are they?" Brenner responded while an ominous air began to fill the room around them.

"First – he doesn't want to go back into that cell anymore," said one of the men.

"And the second condition?" Brenner replied impatiently, coughing again. The two men just looked at each other. "What is it?" Brenner asked again.

"002 wants to see you personally so he can talk about the rest. We told him that it would be impossible."

Brenner weighed his thoughts, thinking of the times where it wasn't 011 he was so worried about but 002. Where *his* life and progress were the only thing that mattered. Once there was a time where he really believed that 002 was the key to unlocking the potential of their goal at Hawkins Lab. However, that dream was shot down when

Brenner experienced the violent and dark energy that erupted from within 002 after he was made fun of behind his back, from someone who hoped nobody would hear. When you have the abilities of these children, you can always hear... If 002 wanted to see him, he would see him.

"Bring him to me." Brenner commanded.

The two men tried to persuade Brenner into not making this decision, but in the end, he was the boss, and they complied with his request.

A few minutes later, the injured boy walked into the room with the two men shallowly walking behind him.

"Leave us," commanded Brenner.

The two men left Sean and Brenner in the cold dark medical room with nothing but the sound of the door slamming shut. No cameras, no tricks, no smoke and mirrors. Just Brenner and one of his children.

"You don't look too good," said 002

Brenner laughed at the kid's humorous remark. It was true, he definitely did not look good – but then again, neither did 002.

"That's funny because from where I'm sitting your arm doesn't look too well either." Brenner replied while weakly pulling a finger up to point at the injured boy's left appendage. "How did that happen by the way?"

002 frowned getting a serious look on his face. "A monster attacked me right before I was through with those kids. It swiped my arm with its claw."

"I see," Brenner said, thinking of the monster that put him in the state he was in.

Then 002's eyes lit up and he smiled. "That's okay though, because I ripped it's head off, it's dead!"

Brenner gasped, thinking of how dangerous and wild that monster was at the school a month ago, how it tore apart his guards. He



couldn't imagine that one of these children was strong enough to physically kill something like that. Amazing.

Sean's face went cold for a moment then, the business end of the arrangement getting ready to rear its ugly head.

"I need more power!" 002 exclaimed. "011 is strong, really strong. Even stronger with her friends. I want to overpower her. I want power like that."

The broken man on the bed shook his head, knowing he was unable to fill such a tall order. "I'm sorry but that's not something I can do quickly." Brenner said, shooting down 002's passionate request. "I don't have a magic *shot* I can poke you with and you instantly grow stronger."

"Then HOW!?" Sean yelled.

"Watch your tone!" Brenner yelled back. He raised his hand to the exposed part of his mouth and started coughing violently. Some of the machines beeped for a moment, and Brenner had to take a few deep breaths to allow the machines to relax before continuing. "Just because you failed to bring 011 in doesn't mean the mission is over. You did find her which was a success in its own right. We will find a way to make you stronger, but you need to be patient. Understand?"

002 scowled and grunted for a moment before finally nodding his head in defeat.

"Yes papa," Sean said.

"Good boy. Now let me think and prepare something so you can grow stronger. You'll no longer be living in that cell we made for you. Go have the men take you to the nurse to heal that wound. You've done a good job today." Brenner finished.

"Okay papa," 002 replied as he walked away. The metal door slamming shut.

---

**Well it appears Sean is alive and well (Come on you know I couldn't kill him off that quickly right?)**

**But the Demogorgon is dead?! I wonder if there are more?...**

**Next chapter we will focus on the Byers and a little bit of the kids again.**

**Thanks you for reading the story so far!**

**Have a great day!**

**10plus1**

## 11. Chapter 10

Hey guys! Here is the next chapter!

I'm super excited for the next arc of this story. A lot of dark themes on the horizon, and El will have to prepare herself for what's coming. Maybe Hop can help her.

But for now a little Byers and some more Hop and El.

Please R&R... Even if it's a short comment I definitely appreciate it.

Also if you see anything out of the ordinary don't hesitate to send me a message to ask for clarification :)

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The Byers home was nice and quiet the night Will was dropped off by Hopper. Lights were shining into the darkness of the night through the windows, creating a homey and warm feeling as Will walked up towards the door to head in. He had so much to tell his mom and brother – Though he decided to wait to let Joyce know what had occurred earlier that day – The last thing she needed on her mind was that another monster was on the loose, ready to snatch one of her boys up again.

"Mom I'm home!" Will yelled as he walked in shutting the door behind him.

Joyce walked out of one of the rooms that connected to the hallway.

"Where have you been!? I was getting worried about you!" Joyce scolded with her hands on her hips. After the events of last month, she was overly protective of her son.

"I was at Mike's we played Dungeons and Dragons."

Joyce knew Will loved to play that game with his friends, but she felt something else was going on. She observed her son and noticed that his clothing looked a little wet. Not completely, but she knew her son's clothes well enough to know that they weren't dry.

"Oh yeah, and why are your clothes so wet?" She asked.

Will quickly made up an excuse, keeping his calm composure in check to match his cool response.

"Oh it's nothing, I fell into some slush on the side of the road on the way home. Honestly Mom I'm okay." Will finished, flashing her a big smile to hopefully garnish his tale.

Joyce eyed her son and twisted her mouth, still suspicious but willing to let her suspicions go for the moment. Her son was home, and alive, that was all that mattered.

"Okay if you say so. Go change into some clothes. I have dinner ready okay?"

"Yes mom." Will replied as he scurried off to his room.

"Hey mom is Jon home?" Will asked before heading into his room.

"No, he'll be home soon though. He said he had to go see someone, or something like that, you know how he is." Joyce said.

Will smiled, of course he knew how his brother was. He was the best brother in the world. Making the best mixtapes and giving him the best advice a brother could give. He couldn't wait to tell his brother everything that happened. He knew Jon would keep his secret safe.

PRESENT

In the town of Hawkins there weren't very many choices of stores to go looking for clothing, but regardless Hopper knew Eleven needed something better to wear than dirty rags. Nobody deserved to live like that. They casually drove into town looking for the correct store. El cautiously observed the small town, she had never been to this part of Hawkins and was anxious to find out what a "store" was. She had been the grocery store once to get Eggos, but it seemed they were going to a different kind of store. Eleven wondered if they were all alike or if they were different.

"Here we are kid, ready?" Said Hopper. Then he realized that the poor child was so ragged that it might draw the wrong kind of

attention once entering. So instead he looked at the size of her worn dress, getting a correct number, then he headed in to buy a new one first.

Eleven saw him exchange something that looked like paper with the man inside behind the counter before Jim walked out with the shopping bag in hand. It was a nice light blue dress with white flowers. He threw the bag into the back of the vehicle and instructed her to change. Hopper guarded the vehicle while she quickly undressed and changed. Once she was finished Jim helped her out of the vehicle. Now she was presentable enough for Hopper to walk in with her.

"Not quite what she was looking for huh?" Said the man as they both walked into the store. The doorbell chiming upon their entry.

Hopper flashed a smile and replied, "yeah, kid is kind of picky so we'll look around a bit."

Eleven was unamused by his comment, understanding what he meant by "picky."

They browsed the selection of clothes in the small store. There were a lot of t-shirts and jeans. Some overalls and jackets, shoes too.

"Well kid, what do you like?" Jim asked.

Eleven looked up at him then back at the clothes. She pointed at the plain gray sweatshirt and the jean overalls hanging up on the rack.

"You want those?" Hopper asked, "are you sure?"

Eleven shrugged her shoulders in uncertainty. She never really thought about the things she really liked. When Michael let her wear his sister's dress she did look pretty, but Jim got her a new one, which she actually liked a lot. These clothes would be something different she hadn't tried before. It also helped that they looked warm. She decided to ask Michael's opinion.

Hopper watched as Eleven closed her eyes, her face becoming fiercely focused. To El it was something of ease, but explaining it, almost impossible. In small but very precise pulses of energy she radiated

her thoughts from her mind into all of the space around her; guiding them through the city, along the roads and over the grassy sides, under the street lights in the town and over the buildings in the way, through the cold winter wind, until the thoughts eventually floated to the location that she could sense Michael's presence in. A school, not too far from them, where Michael was about to begin a class.

"Mike?" Eleven tenderly spoke to Mike's mind.

Michael jumped, caught off guard from Eleven speaking, he still wasn't used to the idea of it, he did want her to talk to him more after all.

"Hey El, what's up?" Michael asked, looking around to make sure no one could hear him. He didn't want anyone to think he was crazy.

"Umm, are overalls..." Eleven began, thinking back a word Mike had used once. "cool?" She asked.

"Sure, I mean, I like them. You would look really cool in them." Michael replied.

"Okay." She said.

Michael smiled to himself, bashfully prideful that he was the person Eleven called on for everything, even what clothes she should wear.

"Mike?" Eleven questioned, breaking his concentration.

"Yeah?" He replied.

"Thank you." She finished.

Eleven broke the connection of thoughts and opened her eyes. Hopper was just staring at her obviously unsure of what she just did.

"Should I even ask what you just did?" Hopper said.

Eleven shook her head. It was too complicated to explain anyways.

"Well all right so these are the ones you want?"

El nodded her head and smiled. It felt good to know that Mike thought she would look cool in her new clothes. She couldn't wait to try them on.

Hopper grabbed a white t-shirt and the rest of the clothes on Eleven's small list. They grabbed some other clothes for her too, but just the basics. Then they proceeded to checkout.

The man kept looking at Eleven curiously, and Hopper could tell he was about to start asking some stupid questions. Instead Jim decided to alleviate his questions with a lie.

"She had cancer, but she's better now." The words stung hopper as he spoke them. He couldn't help but think of Sarah in that small moment, but it was the best excuse he could come up with to avoid attention from the shopkeeper.

"Well what a miracle!" The man said looking down at her.

*What's miracle?* Eleven thought to herself, taking a mental note of the word to ask Mike later.

The man gave Hopper the bags and thanked him for the business, then they exited the shop. The doorbell rang again upon exiting. Cold winter wind passed through them for as they walked back over to the Hopper's vehicle.

"Phew that was close." Hopper said as he shut the door once sitting down inside. He turned the key and put the car in reverse, then put it in drive to roll away from the town. It was time to head back home.

The trees passed by Eleven rapidly while she viewed the scenery that blurred past her. For a moment she thought of the woods on that cold rainy night. She had never been so scared in her life – And Benny, he was such a nice man. The first person that Eleven could remember that really made her smile. A kindness that was rare to find. – Eleven was happy to be safe, maybe she could finally live a normal life like Mike and the rest. She could only hope that it was true.

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**Joyce definitely knows something is going on. She's got the nose**

for smelling something fishy... Hopefully Jon makes it back home okay so Will can tell him about what's happened.

I'm going to eventually incorporate some characters that will pop up in season 2, like Max, but for now I want to stick with writing the characters we already know.

As always thanks for stopping by to read!

10plus1



## 12. Chapter 11

**Hello again my favorite people! :D**

**Here is the long awaited next chapter. It's a little longer than the past few**

**We're about to find out what El is really made of ;)**

**Thank you guys SOOOOOO much for hanging in there if you've been awaiting for this update!**

**You guys make my day :)**

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The loud ringing school bells sounded as Mike walked through the halls. He was late, but only by a fraction. Casually he made his way over to his assigned classroom for that period; English. Only Lucas was in this class with him. When Michael reached for the doorknob of the class room and opened it everyone in the room turned and stared at him. A flush red color materialized on his cheeks. The teacher, Mr. Bronson, had a less than amused look on his face.

"Take your seat Mr. Wheeler, you're late." He spoke.

Michael waltzed over to his seat in front of Lucas. He opened his bag and pulled out the various supplies needed for class. All the sounds felt amplified as he embarrassingly unzipped the backpack and fumbled with all his notebooks, and he felt warm from the feeling. Michael was never one to be late for school.

"Hey what's the big deal why were you late?" Whispered Lucas.

"You know why," Michael replied, also whispering.

He kept his head cocked towards the front to make sure Mr. Bronson wasn't paying attention to their conversation. Luckily there were another three rows of students in front of them, blocking most of the sound and movement from them as they continued.

"You better be careful. If your mom finds out." Lucas began.

"I know I know. I just – I had to make sure she was okay." Michael said.

Lucas sighed and sat back in his seat. They both started taking notes and listened to their teacher as he read from the textbook.

"So, you think Sean is still out there?" Michael asked.

"No way man. The Demogorgon wasted him, there's no way he could of gotten out of that mess. We were lucky we did."

"Yeah, I guess you're right." Michael replied. "But what if he escaped?"

"Then we'll beat him next time. Eleven is obviously stronger now, and with her at full strength it won't matter what he does. He can't win." Lucas finished.

Michael sat back in his seat, letting the words of Mr. Bronson pass through him like sand in an hourglass. His thoughts wandered to every corner of his imagination; what Sean could be doing, what was Eleven up to? Even Nancy crossed his mind a couple of times. So much had changed in such a short time. Now it seemed that things were changing again. But Michael felt like he wasn't changing at all, like he was stagnant and hadn't grown. Lucas was always level headed. Dustin was coming out of his shell. Will was even more wise from his experience in the upside down. What had Mike accomplished? His doubts started to outweigh his positive thinking, depressing him throughout the period.

That was until he heard a voice.

*"Mike? Are you okay?"*

Michael looked around at all his classmates, looking for a sign that someone had heard Eleven's voice. No one had heard as they scribbled and paid attention to Mr. Bronson. Just another confirmation that she truly was speaking through telepathy. Very carefully Michael whispered back to Eleven as to not alarm Lucas to what he was doing.

"Yeah, I'm in class though... Can you hear my thoughts too? Because I

can't talk for long." Michael questioned El.

*"Yes. It will take longer to respond... but yes."* Eleven answered.

Then Michael began thinking what he wished to say to Eleven.

*"I'm okay, why do you ask?"*

*"I don't know, felt something wrong."* Eleven replied.

*"Oh... Well, I don't know how to explain it. I just have a lot on my mind."*

*"What's that mean?"* Eleven asked.

*"Well... It's like when you become overwhelmed. When there is so much going on that you don't know how to handle it."*

*"I can help."*

*"I know you can. I just wish things were back to the way it was when we first met, and how you stayed in the fort I made you."*

At that moment Eleven hatched a genius scheme. Something that would *definitely* show Michael that she thought he was "special" too.

*"I'm sorry,"* Eleven said.

*"It's okay, it's not your fault. I just have to accept that things must be this way."* Mike replied in defeat.

*"Mike?"*

*"Yeah?"*

*"I have something for you."*

*"What is it?"* Michael asked.

*"You'll see when you get here."*

Then Eleven cut the conversation off. By the time Michael and her were finished she was arriving back at Hopper's house again. They got out of the car and walked up the steps back into the house,

Eleven spoke.

"Will you help me with something?" She asked Jim.

"What do you need help with?" Hopper replied.

Eleven grinned.

6 HOURS LATER

Michael was tentatively eyeing the clock that seemed to tick slower and slower as the seconds passed along the circular edge of the time telling device. Suddenly a snapping sound grabbed his attention.

"Snap out of it Mike, we're almost done." Dustin snapped his fingers at him.

"Yeah, you've been looking at that clock all day. I know you want to go see Eleven but come on man you have to focus." Lucas added.

Then the bell rang and Mike soon disappeared from sight.

Will laughed when he saw Michael flying out the door with his bag.

"I've never seen him run that fast in his life!" Will said.

"Yeah the last time I saw him run that fast was when we first got the game board and he raced home to get it ready for the first campaign." Dustin claimed.

"We sucked back then." Lucas chimed in.

"Speak for yourself, maybe you did but I was *great*." Dustin joked.

They all laughed and slowly gathered their things.

"Seems like Mike is sort of back to where he was... except for the whole spending all his time with the girl who kills interdimensional demons thing." Dustin said.

Then they all walked out and headed their separate ways. All in agreement that they would reconvene later.

## BACK AT HOPPERS

"Okay I seriously don't know why you wanted to do this kid but if this is what you like then I can't argue with it." Hopper said, standing back at the marvel they created in his living room.

They both stood back and looked at the new and improved blanket fort sitting in a section of the living room they had carved out. The blankets were white and blue with some tan pillows and blankets lining the bottom.

"Perfect," Eleven whispered to herself.

"If you say so," Hopper said, rolling his eyes and shrugging.

Hopper placed a hand on Eleven's shoulder and lowered himself down to her level. A look in his eyes told El he wasn't about to say something silly.

"Listen kid. I know you're powerful, and can certainly hold your own in any situation, that much is for sure. But if you exhaust yourself too much things will become difficult for you. If that kid is out there then you can bet he is trying to get more powerful," Hopper paused for a second and sighed before beginning again, "you have to become more powerful too, even more so than you are now... I think I can help you." Hopper finally finished.

Eleven became placid, not really sure what to think. She thought her powers were more than enough to handle everything. But she had never considered that 002 might still be out there and getting more powerful. She was scared.

*I have to protect my friends*, Eleven thought to herself, deciding that Jim was right. She needed to train herself – the right way. She would have to trust Jim to help her.

"Come on, follow me." Hopper told El.

Eleven grabbed a light coat to wear over her dress and walked outside. Hopper guided her to the back yard of his house. The wind blew along the across the surface of her face, chilling it. From there they could see the small lake sprawled out before them, it was quiet

and peaceful. El looked up at Hopper, awaiting instructions.

"You can move things with your mind right?" Hopper asked.

Eleven nodded.

"Can you move water too?"

Eleven faced forward, staring at the lake before her. She wasn't one hundred percent positive that she could. She knew that the bath at the lab made her focus better, but she had never tried to physically move water, or at least a large amount of it.

Eleven nodded again.

"Okay... Well I want you to try something for me," Jim began, "I want you to try to move as much water in this lake as you can into the air, maybe even all of it."

Eleven frowned and her eyebrows indicated she was not happy with the request.

"I can't," El said.

"Why not?" Hop replied, "You haven't even tried."

"Too much, I'm not strong enough."

Eleven was scared, she didn't want to be told to do things with her powers anymore. It reminded her too much of the lab. But Jim had a point earlier, and 002 was going to get stronger. Somehow Eleven could feel his presence, although faint, it was there hiding.

Hopper sighed, "Look kid, I'm not going to force you to do anything, that's all up to you. I just think you should try, we don't know what we're up against and this will be a good way to measure how strong you are."

El took one last look at the lake before deciding. Over exerting herself hurt her head like being run over by a truck and it certainly wasn't something you would want to intentionally do to yourself. It made her feel better knowing Hopper wasn't going to make her do

anything, much different than what the lab would do to her. So with a little bit of courage Eleven finally stepped out next to the water. She took a deep breath and raised her hand at the lake, willing as hard as she could to move the water in the air.

The water rippled in several spots and shook into waves. A few small pockets of water began to float into the air but nothing bigger than the size of a basketball.

"Come on kid you can do it. Think of a time when you felt the most powerful and use that." Hopper instructed. Deep down Hop didn't want to hurt El, he just wanted her to be as strong as she could so whenever the time came, she'd be ready.

Eleven's thoughts went to the school over a month ago. The fear of dying, the anger against the bad men for forcing her into a corner with her friends – causing the Demogorgon to come out of hiding. The rage when the Demogorgon relented against them. The instinct to protect her friends, and Mike.

El closed her eyes for a moment, still focusing on the water. When she opened them back up, there was no bright beautiful color in them anymore. There was only a dark blood red hue that signaled a deep power coming back from within her that was dormant.

Larger pockets of water starting floating up. This time they were as large as humans. Eleven began to lose her focus on everything but the water. She was shaking, and started to scream, time felt as if it was crawling around them slowly and the ground trembled beneath their feet. It was becoming intense, dangerous even.

"El you can stop now!" Hopper yelled, reaching out to her, but the energy radiating around her wouldn't let him get close.

*This is bad! If I don't do something quick she might disappear again,* Hopper thought to himself.

Eleven felt all the energy and emotion from inside of her burst out into blasts of power. Her body felt like it was ripping itself apart, tearing at her mind in the process. She couldn't stop though, she was locked into this state of high concentrated focus on her objective. Her

screams reverberated into the air to express the feeling.

Then she heard someone behind her.

Mike stood in horror as he watched Eleven suffer from exhausting herself of energy. Hopper was bracing himself from the radiating energy El was producing. Michael's eyes started watering and tears slid down his cheek.

"Eleven stop! Please stop!" Michael cried out. He ran for her but was quickly stopped by El's energy.

*I'm going to get to you El I'll keep you safe! Just stop please!* Michael thought as he pushed to reach her.

Suddenly, at that moment, the intensity of the energy lessened, and Michael felt himself moving forward towards her. She was weak, on her knees, but keeping a hand raised at the water. Her screaming had stopped.

Michael moved to grab her, to pull her away and shelter her. When he finally grabbed her she fell back and looked at him. Her eyes were still very red. It hurt Mike to see her looking like this.

"Mike?" Eleven said quietly. "Is that you?"

"Yeah El it's me? I told you I'd come as soon as I can." Michael said, laughing a bit. He was so grateful that she didn't disappear again.

Eleven closed her eyes, then re-opened them. The redness faded and she went back to normal. Upset that she couldn't do what Hopper wanted, but glad that Mike was there. She was always glad to be with Mike. He made her feel... special.

A million thoughts of the moments her and Michael shared together twisted themselves up in one big web in her mind. She chose to forget all the bad times and instead remembered all the good things they had done together. Faintly she gave a smile to Mike who was still holding her like that day at the quarry when she saved him. However, she still couldn't shake the feeling of focusing on the water. An equilibrium had been reached in her mind, where she felt peaceful and calm.



"Well would you look at that." Hopper said, climbing to his feet.

Eleven looked out at the lake and noticed that she was somehow moving the entire mass of the lake into the air. A large smile choking her up while blood dripped out of her ears and nose. Michael laughed when he saw the spectacle that was just performed.

"El how are you doing that?!" Michael asked.

"I... don't know," she replied, "I just feel really strong right now."

Then the water collapsed back into the basin of the small lake, creating a large tremor and noise. Eleven was finally able to take her focus off of the water. Hopper moved over to them and kneeled on one knee.

"Good job kid." He said.

"Wait what!?" Michael raged, "you told her to do that?! What the hell is wrong with you? She's been through eno-"

"Mike. It's okay." Eleven said, she looked tired. "I wanted to. Will explain later. Okay?"

Michael looked at her, unsure of what to think. He didn't want anyone ever abusing her or using her for her powers, it felt fishy to him, but he decided to trust El. There was no one else he trusted more after all.

"Okay El. I'm sorry for getting mad." Mike finished

Eleven look up at them both and spoke

"I'm tired, can I sleep?" She asked.

"Of course kid. Come here, I've got you," said Hop.

Hopper took Eleven from Michael and lifted her up. They went inside and laid her down into the new blanket fort that she they'd made.

"What's this?" Michael asked, looking confused.

"She wanted to make this for you," began Jim, "she said it would make you feel *special* and that it would remind you of home."

Michael didn't have any word, he was choked up.

"Well she did a good job."

Hopper moved into the kitchen and grabbed some water, giving some to Michael.

"What was she trying to do?" Mike asked.

"I was trying to see how powerful she was, and how well she could handle something as large as that. It seems that she couldn't, even when she was at her max." Hopper answered.

"What do you mean? I just saw her raise your ENTIRE lake! She didn't fail." Michael retorted, he was a little perturbed that Hopper was using her powers. He still didn't give him a reason as to why.

"Yeah, she did manage to do it," Hopper paused, "but only when you showed up kid."

Michael's face was confused, then he remembered what Sean said about her and being linked to him somehow.

"She's unstoppable when she's around you." Hopper finished.

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**Well well well, Miss Eleven is more powerful than even thought previously, and can call upon that "red eyed" form whenever for a short burst of power.**

**However, she seems to even be MORE powerful when she is calm and focused by Michael's presence.**

**I foreshadow that emotion/mediatation training is on the horizon for Miss Eleven ;)**

**(Maybe even a little bit of self-defense training from Hop?)**

**I guess you'll have to see next time!**

**Until then...**

**Thanks for reading everyone**

**Please review if you have a moment. I still feel like there are areas I can do better and constructive criticism is always appreciated.**

**10plus1**